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## REVIEW OF POLITICS.

NO solution of the Danish question has yet been attained. But another week remains of the term for which the armistice was last prolonged ; and yet, in spite of, or perhaps on account of, the concessions made by Denmark and the Neutral States, the German Powers still haggle for a few more miles of Slesvig, and refuse to be content with anything short of a fatal dismemberment of the Scandinavian kingdom. They will, it is said, yield nothing worth speaking of in return for all that has been yielded to them. They will make no sacrifice of their unrighteous demands to avert the general war which Europe might justly wage against them on behalf of the independence and integrity of one of its members. Perhaps, indeed, they think that there is really no danger of any such war. And it is possible that, for the moment, they are right. But a very slight insight into the future would warn them that there is no reality in the indifference which it suits some of the most powerful of their rivals to affect with regard to their aggrandisement. France and Russia have already shown symptoms of alarm lest the Danes might, in the last extremity, resort to a junction with Sweden, or an entrance into the German Confederation. The susceptibilities which have been already aroused by the bare mooted of such ideas, indicates what might be expected if they were carried out. It is vain to attempt any prediction as to the course which Austria and Prussia will pursue under these circumstances, nor can we confidently rely upon either France and Russia taking energetic steps to avert the crisis which a resumption of hostilities might involve. We must await, with what patience we may, the termination of the diplomatic game which is now being played out under a half-secrecy much more tantalising and more deceiving than total obscurity. But, in the meantime, we may permitted to award its due meed of praise to the singular dignity and moderation of the attitude maintained by the King of Denmark. The note which his plenipotentiaries read to the Conference on the 2nd instant is as moderate as it is high-spirited in tone. While it offers every reasonable concession for the sake of peace, it reminds the other Powers of the rights that Denmark acquired to European protection by the treaty of 1852 ; and while it yields all that is not inconsistent with the preservation of national independence, it firmly asserts the readiness of the Danes to dare and suffer the worst that their enemies can inflict upon them, rather than consent voluntarily to accept the position of a State without frontiers and without means of defence. All that it asks on behalf of Denmark is that she should in future possess a frontier having reference to her military and commercial interests, and that this frontier should be fixed by sufficient

guarantees. We cannot help hoping, even against hope, that in some quarter there will still be found sufficient manliness to enforce upon Germany this small concession to right, and to the public opinion of Europe.

We are given to understand that the Opposition are at last seriously engaged in mustering their forces for an attack upon the Government ; but, unless current rumour is altogether wrong, they do not intend to take the one course which would gain them the sympathies of a great body—perhaps of the majority—of their fellow-countrymen. Under some influence upon the nature of which we will not now speculate, but which has obviously weighed upon their leaders during the whole of the session, they will not, it is said, arraign Lord Palmerston and Earl Russell for their desertion of Denmark ; they will not assert that we have pursued a policy of peace when we ought to have shown a readiness for war ; but they will seek to escape the necessity of propounding definite views on this or any other subject by adopting the vague terms of a general vote of censure. They will turn to party account all the discontent which has been excited by what we have done or left undone—by all we have borne or forborne—without pledging themselves to any particular line of their own. They will dwell upon all that has been annoying or unsatisfactory in our relations with the Federal States, without advocating the recognition of the Southern Confederacy. The Polish negotiations, Brazil, China, and Japan will furnish heads for a sweeping indictment. The failures and shortcomings of the Administration in domestic legislature will also be pressed into the service ; and the weakness of the Government will supply materials for clever taunts, if it does not furnish a solid basis for argument. No doubt this course may enable the Opposition to avoid the more obvious difficulties of their position, and to conceal the differences which exist between the leaders and some influential sections of their followers. But, on the other hand, it is a course in which they will not carry the country with them. There is much and just dissatisfaction at the conduct of the Government on one question, but it would be idle to turn out Lord Palmerston for deserting Denmark in order to replace him by Lord Derby, who avows that he would have taken substantially the same course. Prudent and practical Englishmen do not willingly undergo the inconvenience of a change of Ministry, or hasten by a twelve-month the turmoil of a general election, unless they see that something is to be gained by it. And if the issue raised be one involving the broad merits of the two parties, or of the two sets of statesmen who sit on either hand of the Speaker's chair, there are many and obvious considerations which must incline the country towards a continuance of that Palmerstonian régime, under which, as Lord



Stanley candidly admitted the other day, "England is rich, is prosperous, and is contented beyond all former example." It is even doubtful whether the whole of the Conservative party in the House of Commons is ready to follow Mr. Disraeli in a purely party fight; and unless, therefore, the failure of the Conference to patch up a peace between Denmark and Germany causes an excitement, which cannot be allayed without the sacrifice of a Ministry, we do not anticipate from the impending movement of the Opposition any more important result than a week's brilliant debating.

With a courage and perseverance which cannot be too highly commended, Mr. Hubbard has once more brought before the House of Commons the injustice and the inequalities of the present Income-tax. We do not understand that the apathy and indifference with which that assembly received his speech and motion indicate a conviction of the justice and reasonableness of the impost; on the contrary, it more probably denotes their participation in an opinion which Mr. Gladstone has always avowed, and which has gradually forced itself upon the public—that there are no practical means of reforming the tax, and that relief from the unfairness with which it falls upon particular classes is to be sought rather in abolition than readjustment. There is no doubt that all the schemes that have been proposed for attaining the latter object have broken down under a keen and minute criticism; and it is certain that Mr. Hubbard's own project would create at least as many anomalies as it would remove. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that the House of Commons and the public should resign themselves with something like despair to the ills they have become accustomed to bear, rather than encourage ingenious attempts to vary the mode of torture. This question is probably destined to receive its solution by our favourite method—that of compromise. We do not venture to indulge a hope of seeing the tax totally repealed, nor, indeed, would such a course be free from solid objections; but if it be reduced to a point considerably lower than that at which it now stands—say to 4d. in the pound—its grievances will not be unbearable, and they will most likely be tolerated with a sort of grumbling acquiescence.

One of the last acts of the late Sir G. C. Lewis, while at the Home Office, was to issue a commission to inquire into the employment of children and young persons in trades and manufactures not regulated by law. The commissioners inquired into and reported upon the manufacture of pottery, lucifer-matches, and percussion-caps, on paper-staining, and fustian-cutting. They found that in these trades from 17,000 to 18,000 children were employed, and that their employment was attended in all with consequences more or less injurious. The suggestions contained in their report sufficiently show the nature of these injurious consequences. They recommend that the places in which those manufactures are carried on should be properly ventilated and cleansed; that special means should be provided for alleviating the peculiar dangers arising from such of the processes employed as are peculiarly dangerous or noxious; and that the Factory Acts should be enforced with reference to such manufactures and employments. During the past week, the House of Commons has read a second time a bill which substantially carries these recommendations into effect. It met with little or no opposition, the only doubt expressed being whether it went far enough, and whether, even under the half-time system, the Legislature ought still to allow the employment in potteries of children at so early an age as eight years. It would seem, however, that in the opinion of the factory inspectors the employment of children, even at that early age, is not detrimental to their health, if carried on under due restrictions. Nor can there be a doubt that a good deal of tenderness ought to be shown towards the necessity under which parents of the working class lie, of making the labour of their children available in aid of the support of the household. It is desirable to proceed cautiously in the introduction of new restrictions upon trade and the employment of labour. And, upon the whole, the Government has acted wisely in adopting the more moderate course instead of at once prohibiting, as some persons think desirable, the employment in potteries of any children under ten.

The native rebellion in New Zealand is still far from being suppressed. The last mail has brought us intelligence of two more conflicts between the Maories and our troops—one in the immediate neighbourhood of New Plymouth, and the other at the upper part of the river Waikato. It is

admitted on all hands that we were successful in the first; but as it has been asserted in some of the Melbourne newspapers that the latter was in the first instance a disaster (occasioned by the failure of a subordinate) only retrieved by a vigorous effort on the part of General Cameron, it is satisfactory to have Mr. Cardwell's assurance that, so far as the official reports go, nothing in the nature of disaster really took place. Sir George Grey, indeed, speaks of it in his despatch as an action disastrous to the natives, and expresses a hope that it will prove one great means of bringing this lamentable war to a conclusion. It certainly led to one rather important result—the surrender by the Maories of their strong position at Manugatautari. And the Colonial Secretary assures us that the important district of the Upper Waikato is now in our possession, and that he trusts its peaceful administration is in progress. But, although so much has been accomplished, we must not conceal from ourselves that much still remains to do. Whenever our troops take one of the native Pahs, the great bulk of its defenders still contrive to make their escape. The war is carried somewhat farther from our settlements; but we do not succeed in striking any decisive blow at the main army—if there be such a thing—of the insurgents. The obstinacy of the natives and their hostility to our rule are, we fear, much greater than was contemplated. And there seems reason to apprehend that we shall have to win our way by a tedious and protracted advance. But however much we may regret the expenditure and the loss of valuable lives which this must entail, we cannot stay our hand until the work of subjugation is thoroughly accomplished. We must, if possible, make an end of New Zealand wars. The Government seem fully alive to this; while they are at the same time sensible of the necessity of releasing the mother country from a continuance of the financial burthen which the defence of the colonists has lately entailed. Mr. Cardwell has just submitted to the House of Commons a proposition to guarantee a loan of £1,000,000 to the colony of New Zealand. In return, the Colonial administration promise to repay out of the sum thus borrowed the sum of £500,000, which they owe us; to contribute substantially to the expenses of the troops sent out; and to co-operate cordially with the Governor in the policy towards the natives which has been prescribed to him by the Government at home, and has met with the approval of the House of Commons and the English public. As a general rule, we are decidedly adverse to the grant of Imperial guarantees for Colonial loans, but the circumstances of the present case are very special, and seem amply to justify such a course. As the colony has at present a surplus revenue of more than £200,000, there is every reason to believe we shall derive advantages from this transaction far more than commensurate to any liability we incur.

We are still waiting for the long-anticipated decisive battle between Lee and Grant. The eventful day, "big with the fate of empires," has been once more postponed by another flank march on the part of the latter commander. Finding that the position of his antagonist on the North Anna was far too strong to permit of a direct attack, the Federal commander, on the 26th ult., withdrew such of his troops as had already crossed that river, and marching round Lee's right flank during the night, arrived on the following day at Hanover Town, on the Pamunkey. This town is about twelve miles due east of the Fredericksburg and Richmond railway—a distance which indicates how far the Federals had to go out of the direct road to Richmond in order to attain their object. The Confederates appear to have discovered the movement very soon after it had fairly commenced, and, as they possessed the advantage of operating on interior lines of communication, they had no difficulty in falling back upon ground near Richmond, where they placed themselves once more across Grant's line of advance. The position thus selected is said to be to the north of the Chickahominy, at right angles to the road from Mechanicsville, and about five or six miles from Richmond. The ground on which the two armies are now in face of each other is nearly the same on which McClellan and Lee contended in 1862. Since that time, however, the advantages which it offers for defence have been largely increased by field fortifications, and it is quite clear, from the language of recent telegrams, that the Confederate front is covered by more than one line of entrenchments. It is possible that Grant may once more attempt his



favourite flank movement. It is true that in order to do so he will have to pass near or through those deadly swamps which proved so fatal to M'Clellan's troops, but he may flatter himself with the hope, that by pushing rapidly on he will escape the pestiferous influence of the locality. As it is, however, understood that the fortifications of Richmond extend round the east side of the city, and as it would be impossible for him to prevent Lee from throwing himself into or behind him, it is not easy to see what he would gain by a march which would have the further disadvantage of uncovering his own line of communications with Tappahannock on the Rappahannock. The battle will, therefore, probably be fought where the armies now stand; and, indeed, at the date of the latest advices it was believed to be already in progress. In some operations which had already taken place the Federals were obviously unsuccessful; for it is easy to guess on which side the balance of advantage lay when we are told that the Confederates were driven not out of, but into, their entrenchments, at a loss to the Federals of 3,000 men killed and wounded. Nor can we avoid accepting this as an omen of the result of a much more important engagement, when we recollect that during the whole of the campaign Grant has never succeeded in compelling the Confederates to withdraw from any position, by dint of that hard fighting to which we believe that he is now reduced.

#### RECRUITING FOR THE ARMY.

ABOUT sixteen years ago the British army metaphorically put on a pair of new shoes, the pinch of which is now beginning to be very sensibly felt. In 1847 the proposal was made by Government that, for the future, enlistments should be for the limited period of ten years. For a short time, the modified arrangement of allowing the recruit to make a choice between shorter and longer terms of service was tried; but in 1849 the fixed system of ten years for infantry and twelve for cavalry and artillery was fairly brought into operation. As it only applied, however, to those subsequently enlisted, its full effect would naturally not have been perceived till the lapse of more than twenty years from that date; for, till then, a proportion of permanent service men would have remained in the ranks. But the destruction of so many regiments in the Crimean war has precipitated the period at which we become subject to the influence of the new rule, and we now hear of several battalions in which two-thirds of the men will be entitled to their discharge during the current year. On the whole, it is computed that at least 10,000 men must be raised within the next twelve-months to keep up our normal strength. Our army consists, in round numbers, of 220,000 men, and therefore we must expect that the number to be enlisted will gradually rise till it reaches a total of 20,000 in each year, over and above what is required to supply losses by death and discharge at earlier periods. We must not, therefore, expect to escape without providing for the raising of some 25,000 men annually. And as one recruiting service failed to produce more than 4,000 men last year, the prospect, it must be admitted, is at first sight sufficiently black.

There are, however, happily, some alleviating circumstances. All do not leave the army who are entitled to leave. Already, it has been found that five-ninths are willing to re-enlist, and the proportion has been steadily increasing. This has taken place also under a system which offered few inducements to such a step, and which rendered it virtually impracticable unless the offer was instantly accepted. But, by an amended order just published, the Commander-in-Chief has increased the inducements to re-enlist at once by granting a bounty of £4, with a free kit, and two months' furlough; while even those who take their discharge, but repent before the expiry of a year, will be allowed to count all their former service in claiming pension, and to continue to receive all extra pay to which good conduct had entitled them. It will, we think, not be unreasonable to expect that these more liberal provisions will raise the number of re-enlistments to at least two-thirds of the number entitled to discharge. This will leave us with an annual requirement of only 8,000 men when the system has reached full operation. And the remaining question is, how the difference between this and our present recruiting supply can be met.

There is, at any rate, one resource which we hold, the possession of which may free us from any alarm. By lowering the standard of height we can in a moment nearly double the recruiting field; for the present standard being 5 feet 5 inches, which is very little under the mean height of the population,

it practically excludes very nearly half the available men. It is quite true that the companies would look a little less pleasing to the martinet eye if there were less even sized; but nobody can pretend that the little men would not shoot as well, charge as well, march as well, as their bigger comrades; indeed, in several of these particulars they would have a decided advantage. It is very satisfactory to our national self-conceit to contrast the stature of our ranks with those of French or German armies; but it is far from certain that a slight mixture of French activity would not be an improvement in our own force, particularly in days when skirmishing is constantly advancing in importance. And it may properly enough be considered that in a physiological point of view we are not adopting the best means for preserving our superiority in thew and sinew by selecting the tallest and best-formed men to be shot down the first and to perish the fastest in Indian jungles. It may be remembered that the standard height of the French nation has suffered a very notable reduction in consequence of the drafting off of the best men in the population as food for powder in the wars of Napoleon. So if we are driven to reduce our standard of enlistment, in order to fill the ranks with shorter men, we may console ourselves that we are not in any degree deteriorating our army for practical service, while we are to some extent preserving from deterioration the general population and the material of future armies.

But while it is well to know that we have this resource, it must be confessed that the military authorities are so much in love with height and bulk that they will probably, before resorting to it, try every other expedient. Among these the simplest and easiest is of course to raise the soldiers' pay. It may be that this course will be forced upon us. Wages generally have risen throughout the country, and by the increase both of employment at home and of opportunity for emigration, they are likely to rise still further. Yet, while the soldiers' pay should certainly not be greatly under the average rate of wages, we are disposed to think that ours is so essentially a warlike nation, that it ought never to be necessary to bribe men to enter the service by the offer of more money, provided only it be made fairly endurable. The proof of our military tendency crops out in innumerable shapes, besides the grand fact that we have never needed to resort to the conscription. At present we recruit annually 18,000 men for the militia. The volunteer service is immensely popular among working men wherever it is brought within their reach. Nothing attracts crowds of interested spectators so much as a review; and a high authority lately remarked that the observations of the lookers-on often showed a thorough comprehension of the meaning of the evolutions which were taking place. Now with a people so disposed it ought not to need a superiority of money considerations to bring 8,000 or 10,000 young men every year to embrace arms for their profession. Nor will this result depend so much, as has been suggested, on the mere form in which the pay is given, or on which the deductions from it are classed. A youth enlisting does not think much of these matters, and by the time he feels his actual position he is perfectly able to calculate its real value. The soldier of a few years' service has a most accurate understanding of the money's worth which he gets for so much of his pay as is deducted for food and necessities, and of the further advantages which he enjoys in free lodgings, light, and fire.

The important matter, then, is to render the service at once fair in comparison with others, and agreeable to the men with a real vocation for military life. These two conditions will not merely operate to give us the recruits we need, but will, above all, tend to make fewer recruits necessary, by inducing the old soldiers to remain in the service. The system of ten years' enlistment was, in fact, devised to meet this very requirement. It was introduced in the avowed hope that it would bring in men drawn from a higher class than those who were formerly willing to accept the shilling for a life servitude. There can be no doubt that it has to some degree fulfilled this anticipation. There is also no doubt that, considering the increase in morality and intelligence in the population since 1847, it would have been impossible now to recruit for permanent service even the number required under the old conditions. It is true that the authors of the measure, contemplating at that time an army of only 150,000 strong, are not fairly responsible for our difficulties in maintaining an army of one-half more. But we shall do so with ease if we follow up the principle which was then adopted. We must give to the soldier who has served for ten years something approaching to his money value in the labour market. But, above all, we must make, as much as lies in our power, life in the barracks so far agreeable that no man with military tastes shall feel an inclination to abandon it. In order to do this we must treat



the soldier no longer as the fighting machine of yore, but as the honourable, intelligent, educated, and moral human being that we have at least tried to make him of late. We have provided him with schoolmasters, we must now provide him with the opportunities—in reading-rooms, lecture-rooms, work-rooms and play-rooms—for using his new faculties, and resisting the grosser seductions of vice. This, while it will raise the tone of the service, will more than all else tend to keep in it the men whom we are most anxious to keep, and to bring into it as many as we have need of to fill the place of those who are determined to leave. And by thus compelling us to have regard to the social and moral condition of our troops, under the penalty of losing every year a tenth of their number, the system of limited enlistment may yet prove to have been the source of incalculable blessing, not only to the army, but to the nation, from which it is taken and to which it returns.

#### OUR FAREWELL TO IONIA.

ALL parting has in it an element of the pathetic. It is suggestive of the great sentence on our mortality; it is heavy with the thought of that loss which has no reparation on this side the grave. When parting for ever, or for a long time, even with people one doesn't much care about, there is always an accession of tenderness—a movement of regret—a painful doubt that perhaps we have not rightly understood them, or that neither has understood the other, while here is visibly passing away the last opportunity for repairing blunders, and beginning a more kindly knowledge. Old prisoners have been known to cry on leaving gaol; the Swiss who are afflicted with cretinism pet their *goitres* with something of a mother's love. So it was on the 2nd of this month of June, when the representatives of the British Protectorate quitted the Ionian Islands, having surrendered their power to the Commissioner Extraordinary of the King of Greece. We and the Ionians have not been on the most friendly terms with one another during the forty-nine years we have "protected" them, and of late the bickerings have been loud and frequent. The islanders have repeatedly told us, and sometimes with but small courtesy, that they wanted none of our protection; that they were quite equal to fighting their own battles; that they hated us, and desired to be united with their Hellenic brothers and sisters on the main land. We, on our part, replied that they were ignorant of what was good for them; that we and we only knew how to save them from the perils of invasion and revolution; that they were a set of demagogues and incendiaries, and that, though they might be willing to contrive their own ruin, we would not suffer them to commit such an act of folly, and would hold them fast, whether or no. Yet, when it really comes to parting—when Greece has got a young King from Denmark, and, in consequence of that acquisition, it is thought that the Ionians might manage to rub on without the help of British rule—when the Lord High Commissioner yields his power to the Greek Commissioner Extraordinary, and the salutes are fired, and the English vessels are getting up steam in the harbour,—Sir Henry Storks, uttering his farewell in the emotional Italian tongue, feels inclined to break down, and three-fourths of those who hear him are in tears. The scene must have been like one in an Italian opera: blue skies, blue waters, hot southern sunshine,—a palace in the background,—a little fleet off shore,—the British troops ready to embark,—the Greek troops ready to march into their vacant places,—two Vicegerents overflowing with mutual courtesies,—gaily-attired mob for chorus,—addresses, ceremonies,—a certain lyrical and impassioned air pervading it all,—military salutes,—shouts of "Zito! Zito!"—tableau of weeping figures,—waving of handkerchiefs,—departure, and grand *dénouement*. One almost wonders that the act did not conclude with a grand concerted piece, and a dance of islanders scattering flowers on the strand.

We appeal to the account given by an occasional correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Corfu on the 3rd inst., as warrant that we are not exaggerating. When Sir Henry Storks had bidden his charge farewell, the people, we are informed, "crowded round his Excellency, shaking him by the hand, embracing him, and conferring upon him not unfrequently those salutations which Englishmen generally reserve for the other sex." Many "blubbered outright," and almost all were more or less overcome by their feelings. The greatest trial for poor Sir Henry, however, was as he was descending the steps of the palace, when "an elderly, fat gentleman approached him from behind, and, flinging his arms about his neck, gave him half-a-dozen smacking kisses." All this, however, was borne with extreme good nature; and, in the midst of cheers, and exclamations, and the thunderous voice of the

batteries, the ex-Lord High Commissioner entered his barge, and was rowed away to the vessel that awaited him. Then followed the departure of Sir Richard Garrett, the Commander of the Forces; and "it was touching," says the *Times*' correspondent, "to behold the very *beau-idéal* of an old English general reverently, almost tenderly, bearing away the colours which had floated over the citadel for half a century." But—

"There is a signal from the *Marlborough*; she moves; the strains of 'God save the Queen' arise from all the ships as they follow in her wake, bearing away the last representatives of British rule in the Ionian Islands. Until the last ship has become dim in the distance, crowds still gather upon the shore. '*Sono buoni genti*,' said an old man, as, with tears in his eyes, he waved his hat towards the departing Britons. '*Adesso siamo liberi!*' said a young man, as he lit a cigarette by way of inaugurating the new order of things. . . .

"Among those who witness the exodus may be seen a white-haired man, who, with erect gait but tottering step, mingles with the crowd. He is a half-pay officer, above eighty years of age, and was present with the army when Genoa was ceded to Sardinia; again, when Sicily was ceded to Naples; and now once more he has seen the marching out of an English army and the hauling down of the English flag by English soldiers. He served under the first Lord High Commissioner, and he has made his parting bow to the last. He feels himself too old to be transplanted, and returns to the home in Corfu which he has occupied for fifty years, a stranger in the land of the stranger."

However ludicrous some of the incidents and collateral surroundings of the abdication may have been, this last is certainly a touching circumstance. To that old officer, the striking of the English flag and the departure of the English representative must have seemed like the forcible severance of his last remaining tie with England. At upwards of eighty, we cannot shift our quarters, even though it may be to the country of our birth, if we have sojourned long in alien lands. For nearly fifty years the English flag had waved above the old man, giving him a sense of home even in the midst of the bright Ionian sea. Now, it has gone, and the familiar land receives a strangeness from the unwonted rulers who have come to administer its affairs. Surely that half-pay officer must have felt a chilliness suddenly strike across the glowing sunshine.

But with the impulsive Ionians themselves, as soon as their tears were shed, and their last farewells had ceased to echo, all was gaiety and festival. The young King arrived on the morning of the 6th, and the people were pleased to see him driving through the town, escorted by his *capo stalliere* in gorgeous attire, making his obeisance to the relics in the church of St. Spiridione, receiving the benediction of the Greek Archbishop, and coming forth in the evening to enjoy the illuminations, dressed in the uniform of the National Guard. All this is very pleasant; but now comes the great trial. The Ionians have to prove that they are really capable of governing themselves, and of forming one harmonious body with the rest of the Greek kingdom. We are by no means assuming, or so much as hinting, that they are not capable—we merely mean that they are now on their mettle, and that they must gird up their energies for undertaking the responsibilities of constitutional life. Half a century of "protection" is certainly not the best preparation for such a task; but, on the other hand, it is something to have had the advantage of witnessing for so long a period our orderly and self-reliant English ways. The Municipal Council of Corfu would do well to consider as a really friendly suggestion the remarks of General Garrett in his reply to the amusingly efflorescent address which the Council had presented to the English garrison:—

"To the President and members of the Municipal Council a very large portion of the inhabitants of this island, no doubt, look for countenance and support; and so long as they receive encouragement from yourselves to cherish feelings of loyalty to your King, to practise obedience to the constituted authorities, to exert energy and industry in following agriculture and commerce, and, at the same time, living in friendship and harmony with each other, they can hardly fail to attain, under Providence, that welfare which our country has mainly attained by adopting and observing these principles."

For ourselves, we earnestly desire the success of the experiment. The more independent nations there are, neither oppressed nor oppressing, the greater are the guarantees of the world for the preservation of peace and the advance of civilization. The Municipal Council did us justice in characterising our renunciation of the Protectorate as "a generous decision." It is one of those acts which great Powers have seldom the courage to perform. When will Austria relinquish Venice, or Russia Poland? We have set Europe a precedent. What Government will be the first to follow?

#### CONCERNING GOING INTO THE ARK.

ALMOST every evening of their lives Englishmen and Englishwomen perform an operation which cannot but recall to the



mind of every thoughtful person one of the most remarkable incidents in the history of the human race. The incident in question seems typical of what takes place in modern society night after night without the least murmur on the part of those most immediately concerned. The animals that went by pairs into the Ark always seem to a reflective mind a picture not untinged by melancholy. Nor is it possible to escape being struck by the resemblance between the long file of guests who, at a dinner party, may be seen trooping disconsolately downwards towards the dining-room, and the entry of the birds and beasts into the Ark. In the first place, the only connecting link between each couple seems to be that they are male and female. They have been ranged together on the broad and bare principle of sex. Secondly, they have only been recently introduced—it may be in the driest and most formal manner—and know nothing of each other's disposition. They have reason to tremble lest they are to be the victims of a blind necessity. They have the prospect, moreover, before them for some time to come of being indissolubly wedded to each other's company in an area of uncomfortably small dimensions, under the supervision of the master of the Ark. Each is ignorant what manner of creature has got hold of its proffered arms. When they have arrived and placed themselves within, the awkwardness is not diminished by the fact that they know almost as little of the other animals in the vicinity as they do of their immediate partners. It is well known that for dinner parties, just as for the Ark, no family as a rule contributes more than two representatives; and that these are often driven to stalk about by themselves in gloomy ignorance of the habits of the animals about them. Accordingly dinner, like the Ark, is more or less of a lottery. The first amusement and business of the evening may be perhaps to discover whether the companion that fate has given us, like Rousseau's birds, can or cannot confabulate. When this problem is satisfactorily settled, the male or female falls back on silent and prolonged rumination as to the nature and species of the other inmates of the Ark. The observant guest wonders what the African lion opposite can find to say to the Belgravian flamingo. He speculates whether or no the lovely swans at the other end of the table lay golden eggs. He hopes that the Caledonian boar who is at present talking to the lady patriarch close by will not engage him in conversation next. He wishes he could find out whether the Hon. Pelican with an eye-glass is in any way connected with the Pelicans of Pelican Court, who have been conspicuous since the Conquest for nothing but the length of their bills. Such is the intellectual pastime—broken now and then by interlocutory observations addressed to his unfortunate and joyless partner,—with which each member of most pairs employs the time. It is not, therefore, remarkable that going into the Ark should be a serious business, or that the animals who go into the Ark in pairs should approach it for the most part in solemn silence and self-communion.

It is during this downward approach that the true difficulties of his position occur to every rational Englishman in all their force and seriousness. It has been said that an Englishman's dinner is his idol. The journey to the temple of his idol is usually for the Englishman a gloomy one. There is nothing to distract his thoughts, and nothing to warm his imagination up to talking point. The animals that went into the Ark in one respect were happier. It is true they did not talk. But nobody expected them to do so. An awful consciousness that he is expected to make an observation, and that he must bring himself at once under the merciless fire of the enemy, makes it almost impossible for man in modern times to open his lips on these occasions. "Life above stairs" and "Life below stairs" by no means constitute an exhaustive division of human existence. We have still to account for "Life upon the stairs," a sad and desperate Pilgrim's Progress which all of us daily have to perform, and in the course of which centuries of agony and indecision are generally crowded into a single minute. Seldom is man in his social capacity brought face to face with such a task as that which fronts him when he has to open a conversation with a being of whom he knows absolutely nothing beyond the fact that she is of the female sex. You cannot begin about the weather. It is not now worth while considering the causes of the fatal mistake which society has committed towards its own best interests in allowing scorn and ridicule to be heaped upon the weather as a subject of conversation. Suffice it to say that the blunder has been made. The weather, for a man of spirit, as a conversational topic, has become untenable; and every lady, nowadays, has been unfortunately taught by her education to believe that the man who talks about the weather is an ass. The consequence is that the one subject-matter which was full of interest, which never could offend, and which, thanks to our shifting English

climate, never was alike for two days together, is absolutely tabooed. The opera, the theatre, the Caledonian ball, Ascot, and the Oaks, never could come up to the weather. The lady might disapprove of plays, might hate waltzing, might never have seen a race; but she must be aware whether or no it has been raining, and she must know whether or no she wishes it to rain to-morrow. The consequences of never hunting this good old country, but betaking ourselves to new-fangled covers, is that the gentlemen sportsmen on their progress downstairs into the Ark, as far as their first remark is concerned, usually draw a blank.

If it were not for philosophy, we might almost be reduced to despair of ever laying down a test and standard by which conversation on the stairs could be conducted with some hopes of rational success. It seems at first sight so hopeless to dream of saying anything at all, when everything you say may be a strategical mistake. There is nothing—a man might almost believe—to guard him against the hidden rocks that underlie his voyage. To criticise the birds and beasts in front might be, for anything he knows, to inflict the deepest wound on the gentle creature that society has intrusted to his pilotage. They may be her brothers and sisters, they may be her cousins, any one of them may be, lastly, the young ideal which she has allowed to twine around her heart. Books may have no charm for her; pictures may not delight her; she may be weary of discussing the merits of the Prince and the Princess. We should on such occasion cease to congratulate at all were it not for philosophy and reason, by recourse to which it is, perhaps, possible to throw some light on a question of much intricacy and importance. *In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria.* The thinker who discovers for the human race a perpetual fountain and source of topics for conversation on the stairs may, perhaps, put in his humble claim to be one of the benefactors of mankind. He has discovered the philosopher's stone of social life, which will turn all it touches into golden ore.

Is there, then, any subject which must always be full of interest to woman, viewed from the point of view of sex and sex only? This is the real question which philosophy must decide, if philosophy is to furnish a certain recipe for the benefit of the casual pairs who know nothing of each other except the unquestionable fact that they are masculine and feminine respectively. A little consideration will show us that such a subject exists in reality—that there is one observation which never can be amiss, and which never can fail to open up the way to whole mines of interesting dialogue, and which never can fail to put both of the talkers on the friendliest possible terms. The lady to whom fate assigns us may be old or young, may be intellectual or the reverse, may be beautiful or plain; but there is one universal corollary that follows from the fact that she is a woman. She wears a dress. It is perhaps the only thing of which man can be perfectly certain about his interesting companion. It is also, in all human probability, the one thing in which she is most deeply interested. To wear a dress is to love a dress, and to be devoted to its preservation. It is, moreover, happily, the one thing during the progress into the Ark which stands in most danger, and, therefore, in most need of man's protection. Solicitude for the fate of woman's dress upon the stairs is, accordingly, nothing short of a social talisman. The subject arrests attention, engages simplicity, and places man at once in the true and flattering position of the defender of the dearest interests of the female sex. The wise philosopher who, early in the descent into the Ark, knows how to hope that no flounces are being crushed, may consider the battle won and the victory established. It seems so obvious that this must be the case that we can only wonder that the truth has not universally been recognised in the light of a social law. The weather itself, great as are its advantages, is not so infallible a key to unlock the heart. Certainly, the fairest half of the human race care about the weather. But the reason woman cares about the weather at all is that she cares about her dress more. Bonnets give her the same keen interest in Admiral Fitzroy and his drum that crops give the country gentleman. The man, therefore, who, abandoning the weather, goes back to first principles and touches on all that makes weather itself important, displays judgment and genius. His conversation may be unfashionable, it may be unintellectual, but it never can be insipid; and under his convoy, the passage into the Ark becomes a pleasant journey of mutual confidences and reciprocal friendship.

#### THE RIVAL SHAKESPEARES.

ANYBODY who desires to make his fortune ought at once, without delay, to set about establishing a descent from William Shakespeare. To be indirectly and distantly connected in the



fifth generation with a hero would probably be regarded by the entire nation as a sufficient claim to an honest competency paid quarterly at the country's expense. Putting all pecuniary questions aside, the proof of such a lineage would certainly render a man famous. His autograph would become valuable at bazaars; enthusiastic young ladies never would be content without his *carte de visite*; we are not sure that the *Athenæum* might not wish to offer him a statue, if it were allowed to nominate the secretary to the committee for promoting so national an object. At any rate, the prospect of the honours and good fortune that would befall the poet's descendant is enough to make everybody's mouth water whose name is Shakespeare. Several Richards, at last, are appearing in the field,—some under able patronage,—some, as it would appear, who are amply able to take care of themselves. Mr. John Coleman has perhaps made the most startling discovery of all. He has discovered an indigent descendant of the poet's brother, who may be termed the "living likeness" of the poet himself. Eight years ago he met him while fulfilling an engagement at the theatre at Wolverhampton. At that time the living likeness of the poet lacked one, and only one, connecting link, to enable him to trace his descent to Gilbert Shakespeare. In a pedigree, most people might reasonably consider one link a matter of as much consequence to the chain as fifty. Either a man is or is not a descendant, and nearly being a descendant is no better than the situation of the young officer who went into the 79th Regiment to be near his brother, who was in the 80th. To be the fortunate possessor of every link but one does not bring him very far on his journey. Mr. Coleman, however, on the spot supplied a missing link, but very sensibly advised his *protégé* not to be too confident of its value in the eyes of a sceptical public:—

"For my part, I needed no other testimony than that which his face afforded. Heaven had written his pedigree in the plainest characters upon his brow; he was the living image of our poet, notwithstanding which I advised him not to publish his relationship until he had completed every link of the chain."

The pedigree written on the indigent descendant's brow has since been supplemented, it is now said, by evidence of a more every-day and matter-of-fact description. It is certainly as well that we should have something more definite than a general impression that a man is the living image of what we conceive Shakespeare's face to have been before we rush enthusiastically forward to advocate his claims. The "living image" argument has not been, however, without its weight. The correspondent of the *Birmingham Daily Post* concurs in the observation, and though he does not seem to feel that the evidence is absolutely conclusive as to the historical pedigree, he is ready, like Mr. Coleman, to bow to the handwriting of Heaven. Into the historical evidence, so far as it proves worth examining, we shall in course of time, if necessary, enter. At present, it is sufficient to say that a family likeness of so startling a kind is a phenomenon that is unparalleled. It is a pity that Mr. George Shakespeare did not discover himself in time to have taken a leading part in the celebration of the Tercentenary—he would have made the fortune of the Stratford-on-Avon committee.

The announcement of the indigent descendant's existence has given a fillip to the whole question, and has drawn other candidates from their retreat. A son of Mars—Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Shakespeare—has issued a letter from Richmond, vindicating his own title. His claims are of a strange and novel kind. Like the indigent descendant, he has known what it is to have a missing link, and like the indigent descendant he has resolved to think nothing of it. The worthy Colonel has constructed his own pedigree, not so much upon "tombstones" and "registers," as from the depths of his own moral consciousness. "*Cogito ergo sum*," was the famous premise on which the Cartesian philosophy was built. "I have always understood that I am," says the Colonel, "therefore I must be." The Colonel has not got an unbroken line leading up to the Swan of Avon; nor has he even got Heaven's handwriting on his brow; but he has the inward eye of faith, which enables him to feel certain that he comes of a mighty race:—

"For myself, I have always understood that I was descended from Gilbert Shakespeare; but I can only prove that my great grandfather was John Shakespeare, an alderman of the City of London somewhere about a century ago. He may have been the grandson of Gilbert Shakespeare."

"I should be much obliged to anyone who will have the kindness to drop me a line should they, in their researches, come across the father of the alderman."

It is plain that the Colonel depends almost entirely upon his moral consciousness. All the evidence—beyond that inward conviction that he seems to possess of his being the great grand-

nephew of a genius—is of a simple and unsophisticated kind, and may be briefly summed up as follows. In the first place, the Colonel has had a great grandfather of his own name. This nobody ever denied. In the second place, his great grandfather was an alderman. To the Colonel's mind, the conclusion that he must be descended himself from William Shakespeare's father may be obvious, but to limited intelligence the proof does not appear at first sight crushing. If the Colonel does not pretend to be the living image of anybody, and knows nothing further of his family than that his grandfather's father was a London alderman of the name of Shakespeare, Mr. John Coleman will not, perhaps, attach much importance to his claim. It is perfectly true that the Colonel *may* be the nephew in the fourth degree of Gilbert Shakespeare; but it is equally possible, on this evidence, that he should be nephew in the fourth degree of the Man in the Iron Mask.

It is not so easy to see what we are to do with the last of the Shakespeares, if we find him. The *Athenæum* will be for giving him a peerage. Mr. Coleman proposes to make him curator of Shakespeare's house at Stratford-upon-Avon. Possibly, it will be agreed upon all hands that the first thing is to establish his lineage beyond dispute. There will always be an insuperable difficulty in tracing more than a possible descent from Shakespeare's family, owing to the controversies and complication with which the most ordinary facts are overlaid. We hardly anticipate that Mr. Coleman will show more than this, that this *protégé* may be, and very likely is, a Shakespeare of Humphrey Shakespeare's stock. It is a curious thing to think that, with most people, this will be an argument for contributing to his relief. The greatest loss the world suffers with respect to Shakespeare, is that it has so little hold on his individuality. Like Homer, he has become a name. No splendid dotations, no titles, no honours, have been bestowed by England on the noblest English genius that she can boast. He has no children's children sitting among the nobles of the land. Gratitude to Shakespeare has become impossible for ever; we can praise, but we cannot thank him. This feeling it is which lends the real interest to all that seems at first sight to throw a ray of light on his family's pedigree, and this feeling it is which will make the fortune of the happy pauper who turns out to be connected, indirectly, with one who, for two centuries, has been personally unknown.

#### THE POLICY OF SELFISHNESS.

HOWEVER uncharitable it may appear, we confess to a feeling of satisfaction when we find an exceedingly clever person overreached by his own genius, especially if it is exercised with an exclusive view to his personal advantage. There are many individuals of this description, who believe, with the poet's babbling goose, that the world was made for them, and that their sole duty in life is to make themselves rich, great, and comfortable, no matter who suffers for their aggrandisement. These are the people who drive hard bargains with the needy; who take services at a fourth or fifth of their market worth, because it is a case of life or death with the servant to get something at once for his labour. Honest and liberal men, who act upon the principle that the labourer is worthy of his hire, scout this grinding policy as inhuman in the first place, and unwise in the second. They know that the most valuable services are those which are cheerfully performed, because they are adequately paid. And when Messrs. Graball, who have been converting the wages they ought to have given their clerk into something nice for themselves, their wives and daughters, discover that he has broken into their strong box, or has made off to America with the proceeds of a heavy cheque, they chuckle with an inward satisfaction at the justice of the retribution. They love the treason, though they condemn the traitor. And we feel with them that justice has been avenged, though a rogue is the avenger.

And so we feel while we contemplate the present distress of Messrs. Legrand & Co., bankers and merchants, of the Rue Bergère, Paris. For what but the demon of greed could have induced those gentlemen to trust a considerable portion of their fortune to the charge of a man who was willing to take the beggarly fee they offered him for a highly responsible service? They were prosperous men, and they desired more prosperity; but they desired also that no one should share it but themselves. So when, in May, 1863, they thought to set up a branch house in London, they looked about them for some needy man who would give his time, and brains, and energy to discharge a great responsibility for a small sum. They looked and they found him; and in the same month they



installed Mr. Werner in an office in Cheapside, as their London agent, at the princely salary of £200 a year. They supplied him with silks, they supplied him with cotton and dressed leather; they told him that they wished to establish operations on a scale worthy the house of Legrand & Co., of the Rue Bergère, and they expected that he would be sensible of the responsibility of the trust imposed upon him, and active and effective in its discharge. Whether he was stunned by the weight of his responsibility, or resolved to proportion his zeal to his salary, we cannot say; but from May to December his operations flagged so wofully, that in the latter month he was summoned to Paris to explain how it came to pass that he had done so little for his confiding employers.

The shock of this summons seems to have startled Mr. Werner into a due sense of his position. His salary was not large, but it was something. It would not reward high talent, but it would keep body and soul together, and treat the former to some of the minor luxuries of London life; so he set out for Paris, came face to face with his employers, told them that business had indeed been dull, but that it was beginning to improve, and that he had brought with him two "promising customers" connected with respectable houses in London. Two customers at last! The hopes of the house of Legrand at once revived, and without insisting on a sight of the customers, or even asking for their names, they started Mr. Werner off to Lyons with a commission to purchase goods to the amount of £30,000. Werner was now resolved that his employers should not again complain of business hanging fire. He made his market, buying such goods as were most easily convertible into money; and having fulfilled his plenary powers to purchase, was sent back to the English capital with plenary powers to sell. Business now became suddenly brisk. In February he wrote to the Legrands to say that he had disposed of most of his goods. The firm in the Rue Bergère rubbed their hands. At last the dream of their ambition was in a fair way to be realized. They would establish their London branch; for a trifling outlay in the rent of an office in Cheapside and the salary of a clerk, they would turn their silk, and cotton, and leather to a substantial profit. But suddenly came news which affected them like the running of cold water down one's back. Dressed leather, such as they knew Werner had bought, had been offered to a City house for a suspiciously low price; M. Armero, the tutelary partner of the London branch, started at once for England, and demanded an explanation from his agent. Why had the leather been offered for such a price? Simply to ascertain if the price paid at Paris was a fair one. But who were the "promising customers?" Oh, they were Messrs. Lehman & Arend, who had been supplied with goods to the amount of many thousands, and were sure to pay. But it turned out, upon inquiry, that these gentlemen were much more likely to promise than perform; in fact, they were not worth £200 in the world. Yet it did not seem to occur to M. Armero that Werner's small salary had anything to do with this, or that it was probable that a man who would accept such a salary must be either incompetent or dishonest. He simply warned him not to trust the "promising customers" any further, and possibly set off against his firm's loss by them, its fortunate possession of an agent at the inexpensive figure of £200 a year.

But Werner had made up his mind for a merry life, though it might be a short one. On the very day that he received this order from his principal, he supplied Lehman with goods to the value of £2,000, and on the day but one after with more goods to the value of £1,000. To Arend he supplied goods worth £1,200, and again in March made a further supply worth £7,000. But M. Armero went back contentedly to Paris, still, it would appear, thinking that the possession of an agent at £200 a year was a compensation for all the hazard his firm was running. By this time about £30,000 worth of goods had been disposed of. Lehman had received £12,000; Arend little less. Lehman had given bills for his indebtedness; but when they became due they were dishonoured. The house of Legrand began to be uneasy. M. Armero was once more despatched to London, and found that Arend had absconded. This was a good reason for stoutly refusing to renew Lehman's bills. M. Armero was to be trifled with no longer; he demanded some sort of security for the payment of the debt. Lehman gave him bills for £8,000, five of which, to the amount of £5,000, turned out to be forgeries. Finally, when the whole case came before the Police-court, it turned out that the £30,000 worth of goods intrusted to the chief agent had been sold at 50 per cent. under their cost price, and that Messrs. Legrand are not likely ever to receive one farthing of the proceeds.

What satisfaction is it to them that Lehman is committed to take his trial for forgery, or that Werner and Arend will

have to clear themselves of a charge of conspiracy to defraud, or suffer the penalty? No amount of penal servitude inflicted on these scamps will restore Messrs. Legrand their glossy silks, their cotton of the finest quality, their well-dressed leather. But an honest gentlemanly liberality would have prevented their loss. They have been beaten by their own greed, overreached by their cleverness, devoured by their hungry policy. We cannot pity them. We cannot for the life of us help saying that their avarice has been justly rebuked, and the dire collapse of their London speculation richly merited.

#### METROPOLITAN HORSE-COPERS.

AMONGST the mysteries of horse-flesh is the noble science of coping, and its practitioners the horse-copers. These individuals practise fraud as a trade, and in order to do so they are obliged to pass through an apprenticeship as severe as that undergone by Fagan's school of young pickpockets. Your accomplished horse-coper must possess a shrewd knowledge of men to begin with, and secondly he must know horse-flesh well, especially that portion of it in which he deals—the genus screw. He must be to his charges what Madame Rachel is to her old dowagers—able to restore them to youth and make them "beautiful for ever," or at least for the half-hour during which it is necessary the screw should put in a good appearance before his purchaser. The horses upon which copers operate are generally nags, such as hunters, roadsters, and carriage horses. They are known under certain slang names, such as "the Adam," an aged horse; "the strong wid," one with broken wind; the "piper," one slightly affected in his wind; the "knock," a lame horse; the "bobby," a chinked-backed horse. These animals are generally showy-looking creatures, being selected for their handsome appearance and sprightly looks by the coper, just as a bright palmer fly is selected for trout fishing—and many of these horses remain the stock-in-trade of the same copers for years, as they generally contrive to repurchase them of their dupes, by the aid of confederates, a few days after the sale, for the mere value of the hides and hoofs. The getting-up of these old screws is the first care of the coper when they come into his hands. "The Adam," for instance, has to be rejuvenated, and in order to accomplish this he has to undergo three processes—bishopsing, gypping, and puffing his glims. The first is the method of imitating the mouth-marks of a young horse, so called after the name of the original rogue who put it in practice. All old horses have their incisor teeth of an immense length, and they always slant out at a most acute angle; to do away with this mark of antiquity they are filed down to about the ordinary length of a five-year-old, and the dark marks which are always present in these teeth in young horses are made with a red-hot iron, and, by the aid of a graving tool, mouth-marks are engraved, so as to imitate nature. The few grey hairs which are scattered about the animal are all reduced to the general colour by means of a paste corresponding in tint with that of the natural coat, a process termed gypping. Finally, those deep indentations which appear over the eyes of all ancient animals are obliterated by pricking the skin in different places, and blowing air into the cavity underneath. The holes immediately close, and a smooth brow is obtained, which is not easily detected. The make-up is just as effective, and perhaps more so, to mere novices in horse-flesh, than is that of the toilet of many *passé* ladies who manage to make a good market in the world. "The Knock," or lame horse, an incurable screw, afflicted with disease of the navicular joint, or shoulder lameness, neither of which make any outward show, is a great favourite for horse-coping purposes, as he is often a fine-looking animal. The manner in which the lameness is disguised is to take off the shoe from the sound foot, place a pebble or horse-bean between it and the sole of the foot, and nail it on again. A corresponding lameness is thus produced in both feet, and by this means the original defect is masked. It may seem strange that a double lameness should be less apparent than single lameness, but we are so given to judge simply by comparison, that uniformity baffles us, or, at least, it generally does those inexperienced persons who are fond of relying upon their own judgment, and consequently fall an easy prey to this class of swindle. When a man knows only a little of horse-flesh, it is remarkable how positive he is, and how proud of relying upon his own unaided judgment in making his purchases. This the coper knows full well, and takes advantage of it. "The Bobby," or chinked-backed horse, is another favourite flat-catcher. To all appearances, even to the most experienced eye, he is perfectly sound and goes with splendid action, and



it is only when he is mounted that the weak place in his spine is detected, or by pinching with the fingers and thumb carefully down the vertebræ.

The horses having been so got up as to play their part to perfection, the human agents are required to do theirs in the "little game." It is wonderful how diverse are the expedients by which horse-copers manage to accommodate their tactics to the class of dupes they have in their eye. When they travel with a string of screws and visit the country fairs, there is the old trick of two confederates apparently quarrelling over the purchase, and the owner of the horses pretending to take offence at some remark of the would-be purchaser, declaring that on no account will he deal with him or take his money. Then there is the appeal of the other to some stranger who has witnessed this little interlude to get over the difficulty for him by acting as his agent, which, for a trifling *douceur*, many lookers-on are so often willing to do. The horse purchased and the money paid, the noodle agent looks around for his principal, and of course finds he and his accomplice have decamped, and that he is in possession of a worthless animal. But all these are tricks only suited to the barbarous agricultural mind, and would by no means suit the more acute intellects that live in towns. For these a new "fly" is selected, to use a piscatorial phrase, exactly to suit the waters.

Horse copers who work in great cities, and especially in the metropolis, invariably resort to the advertisement to lure their customers. It is essential that they have no fixed address; but it is also essential that customers should know where their horses may be seen—the advertisement in the best papers is therefore necessary to their plans. Take up the *Times* any day, and such an intimation as this is sure to meet the eye: "To be sold, a bargain, a bay gelding, with black legs and tail, with splendid action, warranted quiet to ride and to drive, the property of a gentleman giving up his stables. Apply at — Mews, May Fair." This looks promising, and is pretty sure to meet the eye of some gentleman in the country, who runs up to town by rail to have a look at the bargain. A victim who not long since took the tempting bait in gallant style, thus relates his experience: "I went to the mews in question—a most respectable place, and made inquiries for the bay gelding; but nobody seemed to know anything about him. At length I went to a particularly quiet and scrupulously clean stable, and looking in, asked the old groom if that was the horse mentioned in the advertisement. The old man went on, however, wiss — wiss — rubbing down the horse he was grooming without apparently taking any notice of me. Thinking he was deaf, I popped a shilling into his hand, and repeated my question. This had the effect of bringing him to an erect position, and he replied, without turning his head, and still rubbing down his animal, 'Yes, gemman, and I wish I was going to be sold wi'em.' All the horses in the stable were the property of his dear old master, who loved 'em like his own children, and he had given directions in his will that they was to be sold by his old friend Squire Hoaxham without reserve; but they was only to go into good hands, and he wished, as he said before, that he was 'going to be sold wi'em.' There was something about the cut of the crusty old groom so thoroughly genuine and respectable, that I wished to be shown the bay gelding, and the animal was pointed out to me in a loose stall—a perfectly lovely-looking animal, with a coat shining like a fresh chestnut. 'This is the horse I have come about,' I remarked. He said, 'Ah, yur beint a bad judge neither. I see it's not the first time you have had to do with hosses.' 'Well,' I said, 'I may have a trial, I suppose?' 'Sartainly, and if you don't like 'em, you can bring 'em back and have the money, and they are not to be sold without a warranty.' Squire Hoaxham was gone to a prayer-meeting, but he would be back again at one o'clock, and may-be he would look in. At the appointed hour I was again at the stable, and luckily there was Mr. Hoaxham. I apologized for my intrusion, and told him the object of my visit. Squire Hoaxham, in appearance, looked like a venerable old country gentleman, dressed in black, with white neck-tie and white-frilled shirt. Mr. Hoaxham told me a similar story to the old groom, and said what he had to say in such a quiet indifferent way, that I determined at once upon purchasing. To ask for a trial before payment of such a highly-respectable person would have looked like an impertinence, and I paid for the horse and had him sent home to my stables, where I desired a veterinary surgeon to examine him. The Vet. called, and immediately upon seeing the horse smiled a grim smile that somewhat disconcerted me. 'I think,' said he, 'I have seen him before.' 'Impossible,' said I, 'he has only just come from the country—how should you know him?' 'Why,

sir,' said the Vet., 'he has a sand-crack, a split hoof, and if you will come here, you may judge for yourself.' I looked down, and there it was, sure enough—the horse was incurably lame. 'But,' said I, 'the money will be returned—I have a warranty with him.' 'If you return him you will lose both horse and money—the quiet-looking country gentleman by this time has vanished—take my advice, send him to Aldridge's, where he has been sold many times before, and get what you can for him.' I took wise counsel, and realized for the splendid bay—well, never mind what. But I made up my mind not to be taken in again by a promising advertisement, a crusty, trusty old family groom, and another Squire Hoaxham commissioned to "sell only into good hands his dear old deceased friend's horses."

#### PUBLIC SCHOOLS COMMISSION.

##### NO. VI.—PROPOSED REFORMS.

'We proceed to-day to examine that part of the Commissioners' scheme of reform which, more than any other, has challenged criticism: we refer, of course, to their proposal for enlarging the course of education pursued at our public schools, and grafting upon it more modern subjects of instruction. They recommend that French and mathematics should constitute an integral portion of the scholastic system, instead of being accidental and optional, as now. They suggest that, if possible, some portion of natural science, music, drawing, English literature, and history should find a place in the instruction of boys, who, after a time, show no aptitude for the more difficult branches of classical education. With no wish to supersede the classics, the advantages of which are candidly admitted, they only desire that boys should know something more. They think it reasonable, that in those cases where a classical training has failed, and is freely admitted to have failed, the whole learning-period of a boy should not be thrown away upon a study from which he derives no advantage, present or prospective. In a practical country like this, where such a variety of talent is called into requisition, they think it unadvisable that all boys should be broken into one uniform system of training; that all mental constitutions should be treated precisely in the same way, like so many pieces of mechanism; and that, while more than half break down and become worthless in the process, no attempt should be made to correct the evil of which all complain. They are not satisfied with the assertion—and in that they express the conviction of many parents—that idleness must, of necessity, be the normal condition of the majority of schoolboys; that a public school is a lottery, in which there are but few prizes and many blanks; at least, if it must be so, they see no reason why some effort should not be made to reduce the blanks, and diminish the number of those who go through a public school and bring away nothing from it but idle and expensive habits and a total distaste for learning.

To these recommendations of the Commissioners, in the abstract, few attempt to offer objection. Not even the most bigoted adherents of the old and exclusively classical system, happily few in number, venture to affirm that it is not desirable that boys should know something of French, and be able to tell in what centuries Shakespeare and Milton wrote. However willing they might be, they are not bold enough to venture on such an assertion. Their objection takes another form, and finds recruits among the timid, the inconsiderate, and the prejudiced. Boys, they say, cannot learn everything; their mental powers are "of a finite quantity;" it is unwise to "fritter away education into too many branches;" physical training is as important as mental; we want gentlemen and men of the world from our public schools, and not mere pedants and narrow-minded professionals. From this array of objections, the advocates who urge them fall somewhat inconsistently into a tone of despair. Private schools, they urge, are so badly conducted, that they infect the public schools; parents are indifferent to learning at home; the age is too luxurious; everything is subordinated to "muscular Christianity;"—in short, the fault is anywhere except among themselves. They would if they could, but circumstances over which they have no control are against them.

It is curious to see in the correspondence of Dean Colet and Erasmus how the same objections were urged, when they and other reformers attempted to introduce into the schools of their days the Latin and Greek classical poets. Country gentlemen thought then that hunting and hawking—the muscular Christianity of the dark ages—were the only accomplishments fit for a gentleman. "A pest upon this new learning," they exclaimed; "I would much sooner my son was hanged



than see him a book-worm. A gentleman's education is to blow the horn, to hunt well, to carry and handle a falcon. Leave learning and the classics to the sons of ploughmen." And precisely as at the Reformation, the diffusion of education among the inferior gentry, either ousted the old nobility, of whom these objectors were the type, from their place and importance in the State, or compelled them to study, so will it be now. If the great public schools, as their masters complain, cannot improve with the demands of the age, they will be thrown back in the race of competition. Gentlemanly habits, generous sentiments, skill in bodily exercises, are excellent things; but the business of this great nation can only be carried on by hard heads and *trained* intellects,—by strong mental work and powers of application. It may be that "the greatest clerks" are sometimes "not the wisest men;" at the same time, there was never a wise man without study.

But the objections made to the Commissioners' recommendations on the finite nature of a boy's mind, and the unwisdom of frittering away his time upon too many subjects, proceed upon the supposition that the boy is gaining a mastery over some study, and filling his mind with food of some kind; or in Canon Blakesley's words, "is getting his mind under complete weigh" in some subject or another. The Canon points to the awful spectacle of a boy, "who has been taught a little of one thing and a little of another, until he comes to regard all study with a perfectly impartial loathing." One might suppose from Mr. Blakesley's language that he had never witnessed this distaste for learning in a public school-boy, brought up exclusively on classics—as at Eton, for instance; and that this monopoly of loathing was a property peculiar to boys who had added French and mathematics to Greek and Latin. As the number of young men who go to Cambridge, with "a little of one thing and a little of another," is small, compared with those who are sent thither from the public schools with a limited knowledge of one thing, either Canon Blakesley's rule, as Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, must have been exceptional, or his judgment is singularly careless and one-sided. The complaint is universal, of idleness and indifference to learning, in school and in college, and the masters of public schools, where little else is taught than the classics, do not deny that this complaint is well founded; they admit it in their attempt to extenuate and explain it. The examiners for matriculation at the Universities report that the idlest and least intelligent boys come from Eton and the great schools, not knowing a little of everything, but knowing little of classics, and absolutely nothing of anything else. Mr. Blakesley must have a strange eye for facts when he traces the general disregard for study to the number of subjects on which a boy's attention is engaged. But perhaps we do him wrong: "No education," he says, using a homely metaphor, "will ever answer which is conducted simply on the principle of passing different fluids into a pail; and the case is worse than all when the pail being full you try to add a little more." If the human mind were a pail—and Mr. Blakesley's slip-slop would incline us to think so—we should admit the truth of his remark. With regard to many public school-boys it is an empty pail, we fear; and likely to remain so, on Mr. Blakesley's system.

But is there no medium? Must the pail, to continue Mr. Blakesley's metaphor, be always overflowing or always empty? If so, we prefer the former condition to the latter; and are inclined to believe that there is some truth in the proverb, "Store is no sore." That "loathing of all learning" which the Canon regards as chronic, we regard as incidental; such fits of disgust are common to all men. There are periods when the highest genius, when the musician, the artist, the philosopher, the poet, the student, experience this loathing, and all seems flat, stale, and unprofitable, as Mr. Blakesley himself may have found—as his readers certainly have. This is a temporary eclipse to which young minds are especially subject. The overcharged faculty revenges itself in mental and bodily weariness. But the true remedy is easily found, and the equilibrium restored by bringing other faculties into play. The active business of life finds healthy employment for all that the man has learned when a boy, however miscellaneous the learning may have been. The overflowing pail, by a natural process, reduces itself within its due dimensions; whereas the empty bucket, of which Mr. Blakesley is so great an admirer, remains an empty and a very useless bucket, after all.

In fact, all experience is against Mr. Blakesley. It so happens that those schools especially, as if in contempt of his theory, have educated the most distinguished scholars, and carried off the largest number of prizes at the University, where the learning has been most varied. For a time Rugby

led the race, and now Marlborough. But the education at Rugby, under Dr. Arnold, was remarkable for the large infusion of modern learning; and at Marlborough, which has now distanced Rugby, greater latitude is allowed to mathematics and modern literature than at any other school in the kingdom. More remarkable still, it appears from the debates, a few nights ago, in the House of Lords, that Eton men whose minds at school, and afterwards at Christ Church, never used to get under weigh at all, by Canon Blakesley's "empty-pail system," have now been quickened into new life and energy by the law and history schools at Oxford. Intellectuals left dead and powerless by an exclusively classical training, have revived at the touch of a new process, which the advocates of the old would vainly attempt to persuade the world is detrimental to all moral and intellectual vigour.

And all experience equally beyond the walls of schools and colleges bears similar testimony. Rarely has any man attained eminence in public life, still less in literature, by an exclusively classical training. We know but of few statesmen, in present or in former times, famous in their generation, who have not possessed a considerable acquaintance with modern languages and modern literature: Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Russell in this; Mr. Canning, William Pitt, Lord Chatham, in a former age. In literature it is the same. If the exclusive and successful pursuit of one study necessarily trained men to the highest eminence, and Greek and Latin verses formed the only path to greatness, Lord Lyttelton ought long since to have been Premier, and Lord Wellesley to have thrown the Duke of Wellington into the shade. But though Lord Lyttelton can write Latin verses good enough for a schoolmaster, we are not aware that the nation has ever yet thought of looking upon his lordship as a successor to Lord Palmerston; and a long age of scholastic barbarism must intervene before a faultless translation of a nursery-song into Greek iambs will eclipse the fame of Waterloo. In fact, we fear not to say, though Oxford and Eton, and even Shrewsbury, may take offence at the assertion, that this exclusive and excessive cultivation of the mere imitative powers, implied in the rigid manufacture of Greek and Latin verses, is fatal rather than favourable to originality and vigour. Of all faculties intellectual mimicry is the most ignoble. It is the vice against which Bacon speaks in terms of unmeasured contempt:—"Then did Car, of Cambridge, and Ascham, with their lectures and writings, almost deify Cicero and Demosthenes, and allure all young men that were studious into that delicate and polished kind of learning; then did Erasmus take occasion to make the scoffing echo: 'Decem annos consumpsi in legendo Ciceroni;' and the echo answered in Greek, 'One'—ass!" And yet this asinine employment finds acceptance in one University at least, and with more than one schoolmaster, at this day, to the exclusion of all others; and excellence in a thing not excellent is rewarded by scholarships and fellowships. As the hot-water and lancet system of Dr. Sangrado bled all constitutions to death, and the gamboge pills of Morrison physicked all complaints, the advocates of pure classical scholarship, with equal empiricism and similar disregard to reality, insist upon stretching all minds on one and the same rack. No wonder the process fails egregiously in all eyes except their own.

#### PUBLIC IMMORALITY.

IN order to counteract the spread of immorality in the metropolis, several noblemen and gentlemen, in the year 1862, formed themselves into a committee, entitled, "The Committee to Watch and Aid the Measures Appointed by Law for the Prevention and Suppression of Public Immorality." The more precise object of that committee is to keep a watch upon the working of all existing laws which have for their object the suppression of public immorality, and, where these laws are evaded or are inefficient, to represent the same to the proper authorities, or to seek to obtain new enactments, and also to guard the public morals in connection with the thoroughfares and other public places.

The Committee had interviews on this subject, in May, 1862, with Sir Richard Mayne, and afterwards with Sir George Grey, the Home Secretary, and then asked Sir George to adopt measures for closing all licensed places between the hours of one and four, a.m., in the hope that much public immorality might be prevented.

A bill was introduced to the House of Commons in May, 1864, entitled, "A Bill for further Regulating the Closing of Public Houses and Refreshment Houses within the Metropolitan Police District," and provides that they shall be closed between one and four, a.m. The Committee have thus not laboured in vain.

A deputation from the Committee also waited on Lord Clarence Paget (Admiralty), who is about to bring in a bill for the protection of our soldiers and sailors, and we are happy to say that the subject is likely to receive the earnest attention of the Legislature. We trust that efficient measures will be adopted to prevent the



continuance of an evil which all must deplore, and which, if not speedily arrested, will be productive of the most disastrous consequences to the country.

It is to be hoped that similar committees will be formed in the chief provincial towns, as great good cannot but result from such co-operation.

#### RELIEF OF THE POOR.

THE report of the Select Committee on Poor Relief contains some noteworthy recommendations. As to the unequal pressure of the rates in different parts of the metropolitan districts, there is no doubt that this pressure tells severely on the ratepayers in the poorer districts, who, less able to afford it, are burdened with a heavier charge than wealthy districts in which it would not be felt, but where the rates are comparatively light. The Committee recommend that the extension of the area of rating, so as to diminish this inequality, should be further considered. It suggests a distinct measure of relief as far as the casual and houseless poor are concerned, advising that the charge for their support should be paid out of a rate assessed on the annual rateable value of the whole of the metropolis, giving the Metropolitan Board of Works authority to raise it. Another reform is the provision of suitable and sufficient wards for the reception of the wayfaring and wandering poor on a system of management and relief uniform throughout the country, using the police as assistant relieving officers for vagrants. Then, while leaving untouched the existing system of medical relief, the Committee think that expensive medicines should be provided at the charge of the guardians—a suggestion merciful to the poor and just to the medical officers. Further, it would have every child educated in the religion of its father, or of its mother if illegitimate or when the religion of the father is not known; and it condemns the proposal of the Education Commissioners to compel guardians to insist on the education of the child as a condition of out-door relief to the parents. In some respects it would strengthen the hands of the Poor Law Board, giving it, for instance, a right to define what incidental expenses incurred by the guardians should be charged on the rates, the right of appointing district auditors now vested in the guardians, and the same control over unions and parishes acting under local Acts, or under Gilbert's Act, which it has over those constituted under the Poor Law Amendment Act.

#### THE CIRCASSIAN EXODUS.

WE have seen how, on our own soil, in the midst of a highly-organized society, practical, wealthy, and benevolent to a degree unsurpassed, every energy had to be taxed to save the population of a large district from starving. But suppose organization and wealth wanting, and a sudden and continuous influx of scores of thousands of a strange people almost destitute, what would be the result? We can form some idea of it in the report of M. Barozzi to the Board of Health of the Ottoman Empire, dated the 20th ult. :—

"I arrived," he writes, "at Samsun six days ago. No words are adequate to describe the situation in which I found the town and the unfortunate immigrants. Besides the Circassians (from 8,000 to 10,000), heaped up in the khans, the ruinous buildings, and stables of the city, upwards of 30,000 individuals, coming from the encampment at Irmak and Dervend, encumber the squares, obstruct the streets, invade inclosed grounds, penetrate everywhere, remain stationed there during the whole day, and retire only late after sunset. Everywhere you meet with the sick, the dying, and the dead; on the threshold of gates in front of shops, in the middle of streets, in the squares, in the gardens, at the foot of trees. Every dwelling, every corner of the streets, every spot occupied by the immigrants, has become a hotbed of infection. A warehouse on the sea-side, a few steps distant from the quarantine-office, hardly affording space enough for thirty persons, inclosed till the day before yesterday 207 individuals, all sick or dying. I undertook to empty this hotbed of pestilence. Even the porters refused to venture in the interior of this horrible hole, out of which, assisted by my worthy colleague, Aly Effendi, I drew several corpses in a state of putrefaction. This fact may convey a faint idea of the deplorable state of the immigrants whom they have allowed to take up their abode in town. What I saw at Trebizond will not admit of comparison with the frightful spectacle which the town of Samsun exhibits."

In the encampments from 40,000 to 50,000 individuals lay—the living without shelter or bread, the dead without sepulture—no one to take care of the immigrants, "no service organized for the burial of the dead, no horses, no carts, no boats, nothing." Between 70,000 and 80,000 immigrants at Samsun were in this fearful plight. Many had been as long as four days without rations; and of course they were rapidly dying off. Let us add that the Circassian Aid Committee are sending what money they can obtain to relieve this brave people—the embodiment of all that we admire in patriotism and independence of spirit—and that Messrs. Ransom and Bouverie are the channel through which subscriptions can be paid to the committee's credit.

#### POLICE SUPERVISION.

SIR WALTER CROFTON gives us, through the *Daily Telegraph*, the benefit of his experience of police supervision in Ireland, as to two important facts. He states that supervision was forced upon the directors of convict prisons there by the evasions and migrations of men holding tickets-of-leave, in order to avoid control, and, again,

by an undue interference with discharged criminals. Both evils have ceased since the institution of a general supervision. This is an answer to those who object to the 4th clause of the Penal Servitude Bill now before Parliament, by which the holder of a ticket-of-leave is required to report himself every month to the police. Sir W. Crofton holds that this clause will serve to utilize both police and benevolent agency. "A considerable amount of espionage," he says justly, "exists at the present time. It is the consequence of an unsystematic and incomplete procedure. We afford the police sufficient information to set them inquiring, and withhold the portion which would make such a course unnecessary." The only sound principle on which employers can be asked to give employment to well-intentioned and industrious criminals is by informing the employer of their antecedents. This course has succeeded in Ireland. Why not here?

#### THE PAPER TRADE.

SURELY the British paper-makers have a substantial grievance. They make paper in excess of the quantity of raw material to be obtained at home, and when they import rags to make up the deficiency, they have to pay an export duty, in addition to the cost price, of £5 per ton if they import from France, and of £9 if they import from Germany. So that, say we remove the duty on the importation of foreign paper, we enable French and German manufacturers to beat the British paper-maker on his own soil. Well, this is what we have done by the French treaty, by which we gave up the import duty. Now, as it takes a ton and a half of rags to make a ton of paper, the British maker labours under a disadvantage of £7 a ton if he uses French rags, and of £14 if he uses German. This is protection on the wrong side, and the paper-makers are resolved to have no more of it, if they can move Parliament to do them justice in despite of Mr. Gladstone, who has treated them somewhat flippanantly.

THE daily papers mention that "Brother Bernard," of the English Order of St. Benedict, has joined the Roman Catholic Church at "St. Joseph's Retreat," Highgate.

THREE brothers have been dismissed from the Prussian army under singular circumstances. The eldest refused to fight a duel, but expressed his readiness to prove his courage, and volunteered for Denmark. He was, nevertheless, cashiered, and his brothers, who had no part in the affair, were questioned as to their opinions on the matter. These, after some hesitation on account of the unfairness of the question, they acknowledged to be the same as those held by their brother, and they accordingly shared his fate.

LORD ASHBURTON'S will has been proved under £180,000 personalty. His Cornish and Devonshire estates, together with his American personalty, are left to his only child, a daughter. Milchet Park, Hants, is left to his widow, who is also his residuary legatee. His pictures and statues are to go, with the entailed estates, to the title.

THE second summer fête of the Royal Botanic Society took place on Saturday under the most favourable circumstances; the day as suitable as could be wished, the company very numerous and fashionable, and the flowers and fruit unusually fine.

It is confidently asserted in well-informed circles that an alliance will shortly take place between the Right Hon. E. Horsman, M.P., and the lovely and accomplished Benjamin Disraeli. The ceremony, including a full choral service, will be conducted by Sir John Pakington, who will preside at an organ outside Westminster Abbey. General Peel has consented to act as best man. Since writing the above, we regret to learn that, at a meeting of the bride's friends, held at Lord Derby's house on Monday, the contemplated union has been postponed.—*The Owl*.

THE *People's Gazette* of Berlin contains the following details from a correspondent respecting the kind of rule which obtains in Mecklenburg-Schwerin:—"Mr. N—, who has already acquired some notoriety by beating his servant-maid so severely that she had to be sent to the hospital, has written to the physicians of the hospital of Rostock, where one of his workmen lies ill, to say that he was ready to pay for the cost of his 'provender.' He has already taken steps for properly carrying out the law of the stick by making his schoolmaster take the oath of a *juge d'instruction*, and his watchman that of a police agent. A prison for the special use of the 'happy' workmen on the estate has been built in the castle." The writer states that it is the custom on several estates for the peasants to take off their hats when passing by the castles, and to keep their heads uncovered till they have passed, although no member of the family should be seen about.

THE Hon. Rustomjee Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, member of the Legislative Council of Bombay, son of the late Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, placed some time since at the disposal of Mr. Crawford, M.P. for London, the sum of £15,000 for the purpose of appropriation to charitable purposes in London, in connection with the name of his late father. £11,500 has been distributed among hospitals and dispensaries, and the rest given to general relief societies.

EARL RUSSELL'S first wife, the Countess of Ribblesdale, was a widow, and a lady of ample proportions; hence his lordship was called by the wits the widow's mite. "Oh!" exclaimed a lady to whom this witticism was related at a dinner party, "I now see how it came to pass that his lordship was cast into the Treasury!"—*Bristol Mercury*.

AN American has measured and weighed the Federal national debt, which is 4,000,000,000 dols. Estimated in silver dollars, he says that if they were placed edge to edge they would stretch nearly 90,000



miles. Their weight would be 125,000 tons, which would load 62,500 railway trucks, the aggregate length of which would be 355 miles.—*Panama Star*.

THE Swiss Federal Council has addressed a letter to the Germanic Federal Diet, and to the Foreign Ministers of Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Denmark, France, Greece, Great Britain, Holland, Italy, Mexico, North America, Portugal, Prussia, Rome, Russia, Spain, Sweden and Norway, and Turkey, requesting their participation in the International Conference for the Care of the Wounded in War-time, appointed to take place at Geneva on the 8th August. Replies have already been received from fifteen States to the effect that their representatives will attend the Conference. By desire of the French Government, General Dufour will officiate as president.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## WHO IS MR. DUPUIS?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—For the benefit of the uninitiated, who may not be able to answer the question at the head of this letter, I will endeavour to put before them in as concise a form as will be in accordance with the merits of the case, the principal points in Mr. Dupuis' not uneventful career. The Rev. G. R. Dupuis is the son of the Rev. J. G. Dupuis, a fellow of Eton College; he was elected on the foundation at Eton, and, as a collegier, was not remarkable for any pretensions to literary merit, his predilections being enlisted rather for the honours awarded to physical than classical excellence. I believe he was the captain both of the cricket and football elevens. Such a hero in this age of muscular Christianity must have had many worshippers; but when, at the age of eighteen, he did sufficiently well in his examination to justify his removal from Eton to King's College, Cambridge, I cannot be surprised that he commanded the respect of his less successful athletic friends, and was voted a light, which was one day to shine for King's. At King's, however, those were halcyon days, when a would-be-man at the age of eighteen had done his work for life, and had earned a prospective title to one of the best Fellowships in the University; when the undergraduates were not, as now, compelled to go in for their examination; although, be it observed, in Mr. Dupuis' time it was the exception and not the rule for the King's men to shirk the tripos. Mr. Dupuis, however, thought that the exception in his case should prove the rule, went in conscientiously for the Poll, and did his University Eleven good service at Lord's.

But Mr. Dupuis' ambition was not satisfied with his Fellowship at King's and the University Eleven; his mind, with an eye for the practical, measured the steps of the ladder of life, and determined to mount it, as others had mounted it before.

He goes as private tutor to Eton; while in that capacity a mastership in the lower school providentially falls vacant; the Lower Master offers it to him; he accepts the appointment, but with the express stipulation from Dr. Goodford, the then Head Master, that he should never be promoted to the Upper School. Thus far I have followed Mr. Dupuis to the position of a lucrative if not dignified place among the masters—a position which, no doubt, he was very competent to fill, and the attainment of which no one grudged him. But Mr. Dupuis' ambition does not stop here. He determines to marry. With the success which has uniformly attended his efforts at Eton, he woos and wins a niece of Mr. Balston, who at that time was the Senior Assistant Master at Eton, and who, by a series of tacit understandings, which no one but an Eton man can realize, was to be the next Fellow elected, and leave his house, one of the best in the College, to Mr. Dupuis, in face of promises of its refusal to half the Masters in College. The wheel of destiny still moves on; the ex-Senior-Assistant Master becomes Head Master, and having the disposal of the appointment of his Assistant-Masters, nominates his son-in-law to the Upper School.

This is an important appointment, and will well bear investigation from two points of view: first, with regard to the interests of the public, which are at stake; and, secondly, to the principle which it involves.

Let us consider, first, the interests of the public. The universality of education is notorious: rich and poor with different objects alike try to give their sons the best and highest education in their power. But as education depends for its reputation on its professors, it is of the greatest possible importance to the world that the nominations of masters to all schools should proceed on the purest and most impartial principles; and if this remark applies to schools generally, much more will it apply to the school of schools, Eton, in the appointments to which Eton men ought, on the one hand, to be insured against the mutual misconstructions which must follow an abuse of delegated authority, while the non-Eton paterfamilias ought to be secured against the possibility of committing his son to the care of an incompetent master. The work of a newly-appointed master is of that elementary kind that any boy, who has arrived at the proud position of sixth form, would be competent to teach it. No doubt Mr. Dupuis will teach it excellently well—far better, perhaps, than men of higher classical powers; and if Mr. Dupuis were going to devote his life to the intellectual development of the fourth form at Eton, without further promotion to posts for which he has not shown himself fitted, his present appointment would have passed by unchallenged, perhaps even praised.

But by the existing system it requires nothing but time and a presumable number of deaths to drift Mr. Dupuis up to the position of Senior Assistant, where he will superintend the division next to the Head Master; for I can see no reason to anticipate that if, in the Conservative atmosphere of Eton, the moderate recommendations of the Commissioners are slighted, the suggestions of certain ultra-reformers, that each master should have his division apportioned him, according to his individual faculty, not, as now, by seniority, would be listened to. Any of your Eton readers will be able to appreciate the harm

done by the commission of the upper division of the fifth form to an incompetent master—the boy loses the respect for his tutor and master in school as superiors, and the division is demoralized.

Secondly, let us consider the principle involved. It is an impossibility to draw exactly the line which separates any particular vice from its corresponding virtue. There are, as one approaches the boundaries, an indefinite number of cases, which constitute a sort of debateable land, and depend for their character sometimes on principle, at others on conventionalism. For instance, charity is a virtue; to do as much good as you can to your neighbour, especially if he be a connection. The excess of charity is jobbery; but where charity ends and jobbery begins is a question which would puzzle Aristotle to decide, and which we may leave for solution to the representatives of the Powers in conference, when they have drawn the line of demarcation between the Danish and German population in Schleswig.

Society generally forms pretty decided opinions on these doubtful cases, but then society is scandalous, apt to be partial and not a judge to whom we should be justified in referring delicate questions of virtue and vice. Still, a great deal of truth may be gathered from the general view which it takes of such a question, and which it expresses in a concentrated though exaggerated form. Scandal at Eton, then, on this matter, says that Mr. Dupuis' original nomination to the Lower School was owing to family influences,—that his promotion there was secured by the refined, though questionable operation of cloister machinery,—that his marriage with the niece of the present Head Master, corresponding in time so providentially with the election of Mr. Balston to a fellowship, and the legacy of the house (one of the most commodious and eligible in the College) to Mr. Dupuis, were parts of a prearranged plan,—that Dr. Goodford, when Head Master, had been besieged with appeals from the cloisters to appoint Mr. Dupuis, but that, true to his stipulation and the realization of his responsibility in these appointments, he consistently refused,—that Mr. Balston, on his involuntary advancement to the Head Mastership, is known as a retrograde Conservative, and that the same spirit of self-opinionatedness, and contempt of modern opinion, which gave his evidence before the Commissioners notoriety, induces him now to appoint Mr. Dupuis,—that this appointment is the natural climax up to which all the other jobs necessarily led,—that having made him an upper schoolmaster he will not let him starve, but keep his house full, as none but an Eton Head Master can, &c. &c. In a word—"Fortunæ filius, omnes."

If readers of newspapers may be said to constitute the world, then the world knows that Mr. Balston is unpopular, that he does not represent in his Conservatism the real feelings of his assistants. After the bequeathal of the house by Mr. Balston to Mr. Dupuis, an act which, in its most favourable acceptance, must be characterized as a compromise between conscience and expediency, we doubt not that the Eton world were prepared for the present appointment: the thin edge of the wedge had been inserted,—one more stroke would settle the business. Still, there was a very strong feeling that the Head Master, in spite of a consciousness of Mr. Dupuis' merits and a Platonic interest in his worldly advancement, dared not make an appointment of this kind and heard the Public School Commission. But Mr. Balston took the first occasion to undeceive the world in their estimate of his character, and June 6 will be a day in the annals of the Dupuis memorable for the passage of a member of the family from the Lower to the Upper School in defiance of the spirit of the Commissioners' report, and as overwhelming an amount of local prejudice as could be brought to bear against it.

Sir, I would venture with all submission to remind the Head Master that the present appointment is unfortunate in its time, as likely to be construed by lookers-on into an attempt to palm Mr. Dupuis off as an Upper Schoolmaster by taking advantage of the calm which has naturally succeeded the Commission storm; it is also unfortunate in the interpretation of wilfulness which must attach to it, and his charge of self-opinionatedness will be exaggerated to account for all the shortcomings of his reign, which people have been glad to attribute to shortsighted inexperience rather than long-headed obstinacy. I also question whether the public will acknowledge the correctness and impartiality of Mr. Balston's arguments. No doubt Mr. Dupuis will make a good practical master in his new position; more we are not justified in saying, as he has given us no proof of his intellectual powers—and the burden of proof rests with him. But the question at issue between Mr. Balston and the world is, not whether Mr. Dupuis will make a good master, but whether out of the countless number of Eton names which swell the class lists at Cambridge and Oxford, there is not one to whom the present vacant appointment might be offered with more justice to himself and credit to the school. T.

## DEFOE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

A LOVER of "honour and justice" will feel greatly obliged to the communicator of the deeply-interesting letters of Defoe, and which have such an important bearing on his status as a man and as a writer, if he will state what the work is to which he refers which, "with a baseness happily singular in the annals of literature, Defoe printed and published anonymously in 1714, with an introduction written in the spirit and tone of a Whig, &c.," and on what authority or evidence the attribution rests.

As Defoe is now brought to the bar of posterity as a criminal, every point of the charge should surely be distinctly stated.

June 13, 1864.

15th June, 1864.

SIR,—The book referred to in the articles on Defoe is the following:—"Memoirs concerning the Affairs of Scotland from Queen Anne's Accession to the Commencement of the Union in May, 1707. With an Account of the Origin and Progress of the designed Invasion from France in March, 1708." London, 1714; octavo.

I must decline your correspondent's invitation, tempting as it is, to



enter upon an enquiry into the "authority or evidence" on which this book has been generally attributed to Defoe. Until the graver charge against Defoe, exhibited in his own letters, is disposed of, I think my time would be ill bestowed in examining the lesser.

Yours truly,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLES ON DEFOE.

## THE CHURCH.

### THE ADDRESS TO THE ARCHBISHOPS.

It seemed to be in the nature of things, that if the Oxford Declaration was not to be the expression of a passing sentiment, it would be followed up by measures confirmatory of the principles it upheld, and fulfilling the policy which by implication it announced. Neither were matters of the moment; and if the Declaration had passed away without any subsequent act to give it emphasis and renew its life, it would have been only, as it were, a spasm—a movement without ulterior purpose, and therefore a waste of the energy which had been employed upon it. Certainly such was not the character it assumed in the eyes of the world, nor was it possible that a document to which men of the most opposite opinions had given their adherence, and in which, widely separated in everything else, they had found a bond of union, should go forth to the country as a final act. It was a confession of faith in two cardinal points of the Church of England's belief, which were held to be vital, yet had systematically been assailed; and it was a protest uttered from the very heart of the Church against a judgment which she felt had handed her over to her enemies. Nor could it be considered rash or premature. The work of innovation had been steadily proceeding for years. It had for the moment culminated in the repeated assaults delivered against the very basis of the Church, not by simple priests, but by one in whose hands resided the power of ordination. Unless its inroads were not merely to be permitted, but to receive a seeming sanction from the quiescence of those who remained true to the ancient teaching of the Church, it was time that something should be done to resist its further progress, not by a single protest, but by such a succession of protests as would reassure the wavering and oppose the authority of the Church—speaking by the mass of her clergy and laity—to the opinions of individuals.

The Oxford Declaration was, therefore, in its very nature but a first step; and, if the work which it initiated was not to be abandoned as soon as commenced, it was requisite that it should be followed up by others. Accordingly it was at once responded to by the highest dignitaries of the Church. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York issued pastorals to their respective provinces, maintaining the doctrines of the Church against the errors by which they had been assailed. And these in turn have called forth an Address quite as remarkable as the Oxford Declaration, for the adhesion it has drawn to it of men belonging to the most opposite parties in the Church.\* This document, indeed, has an importance which was absent from the Declaration, inasmuch as it bears the signatures of laymen as well as clergy. Amongst the former, we find the Duke of Marlborough, the Marquis of Cholmondeley, the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G., the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, the Earl of Ducie, Earl Nelson, Earl Morton, the Earl of Harrowby, K.G., the Earl of Galloway, the Earl of Cavan, the Earl of Romney, Lord Richard Cavendish, Lord Calthorpe, Lord Kinnaid, K.T., Lord John Manners, M.P., Lord Lyttelton, Baron Dimsdale, Hon. Arthur Kinnaid, M.P., Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., Right Hon. J. W. Henley, M.P., Right Hon. Joseph Napier, Right Hon. Spencer Walpole, Captain the Hon. Francis Maude, R.N.; Sir Roundell Palmer, Attorney-General; Sir Robert Phillimore, Queen's Advocate. Here are Tories and Whigs, High Church and Low Church. We could hardly have a better proof than this unanimity of the deep conviction that the dangers to which religion is exposed in these days are such as to demand extraordinary efforts to meet and counteract them. And one would think, that except by those who sympathize with the scepticism of the day, a demonstration so remarkable would be met, if not with encouragement, certainly not with detraction. This, however, has not been the case. The *Times* of Wednesday denounces

\* The Address is as follows:—"We, the undersigned clergymen and laymen of the several Provinces of England and Ireland, hereby acknowledge with deep gratitude the Pastorals lately issued by your Graces to the two Provinces of Canterbury and York. Our fervent prayer is that your Graces may be richly endowed with wisdom from on high, and may be enabled with the other Primates and Bishops of the United Church of England and Ireland, to take effectual counsel for upholding, amid the peculiar dangers of the present times, the Divine Authority of Holy Scripture and the integrity of the faith, so that the Gospel of Our Lord and Saviour may be taught in all its purity among ourselves, and handed on, without diminution or addition, to our children's children."

the movement as not only useless, but positively mischievous. It is injurious; "for, by throwing themselves into this phalanx, men give, by contrast, a local habitation and a name to opinions which otherwise would, if they were true, silently make their way, or, if false, would die off in the isolated quarter where they arose." But is this true? False opinions will certainly die off in the end, and truth prevail. But have they not a period during which they will increase if permitted to do so, and is not this peculiarly true of false opinions in religion? The proof is before us. The opinions against which the Oxford Declaration and the present Address raise a protest, have steadily increased for years, and their propagators have hailed as a triumph of free inquiry the recent judgment of the Privy Council. Nor can there be any doubt that the special work of the Church in this day is to meet and combat their increase. And why not by the means which have thus far been adopted? Why is an aggregate declaration of belief less legitimate than "the open and direct field of individual controversy," in which the *Times* hopes for less bitterness of "party disputes" than in such an Address as that which is now in course of signature? We are far from underrating the value of controversy; but its effect is necessarily limited in comparison with that of a Declaration and an Address bearing thousands of signatures, and asserting what has been and what is the teaching of the Church. The questions raised by the "Essays and Reviews" do not affect the learned only but the nation. And the great fact which the majority of Englishmen see in this controversy is, that the faith which has come down to them from their fathers has been denied by men ministering in the Church, and that the highest court of judicature has pronounced that that denial is not contrary to law. The inference which the multitude draw from this decision is that the law permits it. Under these circumstances, to conduct a campaign against false doctrine solely by controversy would be a mistake. The multitude think with the Church, and expect it to speak when what it has taught them is said by clergymen to be unsound. If it is silent, what can they conclude but that it is not certain of its faith? But how can it speak more effectually, at least in the first instance, than by such a declaration of its faith as shall leave no question that the doubters are few, and their opinions condemned by the vast majority of clergy and laymen?

This is the course which has been taken, and wisely; not by declarations which, as the *Times* asserts, are "ambiguous, oracular, and shifty." The Oxford Declaration and the Address to the Archbishops, have been framed on the very principle which the leading journal so constantly insists upon as that on which the Articles of the Church were framed, namely, so as to embrace as wide a variety of believers as possible. The former was worded to accomplish a special object—to assert the inspiration of the Scriptures and the eternity of punishment, the two fundamental doctrines which mainly have been assailed. That was all that was necessary, and there is nothing either ambiguous, oracular, or shifty, in not doing more. But the *Times* finds a personal objection to the Address. It sees in it "a sort of implied understanding that the Bishop of London, who did not adopt the same course as the Archbishops in the late judgment, is tacitly refused the confidence which is offered to his Metropolitan;" and asks, "Is not such a proceeding a violation of all good taste and even decency?" Those who have signed the address are described as "undermining all the principles of discipline by inviting the clergy of a diocese to pronounce a tacit condemnation of their own bishop." But why? There can be nothing more loose and vague than the grounds for this position. A bishop is not necessarily condemned because he has not taken a certain line of conduct which appears laudable in the eyes of the majority of his Church. It may be regretted that he has not done so, and the wisdom of his decision may be disputed; but that is a very different thing from condemnation, and an attempt to undermine the discipline of his clergy. Mr. Napier, whose name is amongst those above quoted, has answered this rebuke of the leading journal by a distinct disclaimer of even a remote intention to cast any imputation on the Bishop; and he defines the object both of the Archbishops' Pastorals and of the Address, with a distinctness which shows the utter irrelevancy of the charge brought forward by the *Times*:—

"The object of the Pastorals of the archbishops was to reassure the members of the Church by showing that, however she may have abstained from pronouncing dogmatically on a matter which had not been made a subject of controversy, there was in her formularies a consistent assumption of the Divine authority of every part of the canonical Scriptures, as all given by inspiration of God, written by men specially qualified and guided by the Holy Spirit."



"The Committee of Council had to ascertain judicially whether the Church had so decisively declared this as to make it no longer lawful for a clergyman to deal with it as an open question. It requires caution to distinguish between the judicial and the theological view. The latter has been, I think, correctly given by the archbishops, and it seemed quite legitimate for them to give expression to this view as they have done, and for the laity, with the clergy, to signify their approval by signing the Address. There is no mode of so conveniently collecting the mind of the Church."

What possible slight to the Bishop of London can be construed out of such a proceeding? If he has not thought proper to identify himself with it, he has exercised an undoubted right. But while it was perfectly open to him to do so, it was surely on the other hand the privilege of those who differed from him to take the course which recommended itself to their consciences without even, by implication, questioning the conscientious motives of bishops or clergy who might be of a different opinion.

## FINE ARTS.

### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—THE PORTRAITS.

THE art of portraiture is really one of the noblest forms of sculpture and painting; but no one would think so to look round the walls of our Royal Academy and see the empty faces in every aspect of self-satisfied smirk that abound there. It is not that the owners of those faces are necessarily vacuous; this does not follow, for, as we see in the commonest personages of Rembrandt's painting, the mind, such as it is, is given to the individual, while in our portraits we are convinced there is no mind at all brought upon the canvas. The common remark of persons who do not profess to be connoisseurs is, that a portrait is like, but not exactly "him" or "her;" the fact being, that the painter has, as he calls it, "treated" the picture—thrown an expression of his own into it, and most probably spoilt his work. We constantly see a family resemblance in all the sitters of a fashionable portrait-painter. When, for example, the Book of Beauty was in vogue, every one of the angelic creatures of society was provided with the same splendid eyes, fringed with those long silken eyelashes. This was the painter's notion of representing to the million the houris that dwelt in the paradise of the upper ten thousand; probably any eye of this ravishing beauty was his own little weakness. Those days have gone by, and been succeeded by a terrible artist—a man who lies in wait upon celebrities and notabilities of every grade, and then forthwith commences to gloat over his success in getting a fine living out of the very image of so-and-so. This is a more awful leveller than your Book of Beauty painter, who deserved better, because he dared attempt to paint the lily of the aristocracy. With all its faults, painting cannot be accused of vulgarizing portraiture, though photography has done so; there are vulgar portraits and the style may be common, but the highest portraiture must for ever remain with the painter and the sculptor. That the art is lost now we fear must, to a great extent, be admitted; and if photography improves, it is a question whether it will ever be recovered. Unfortunately, the hand that painted some of the best of the portraits in the Exhibition is still for ever; others are enfeebled, and this more by a confirmed obstinacy of manner than by the failing of age; while the rising students of portraiture are nowhere. And yet it remains that a great artist, when he paints a portrait, shows the true stamp of genius, as Raphael, when he painted the famous portrait of Pope Julius in the Pitti Palace, while the art is looked down upon as of inferior grade. Those who can remember a portrait by Landseer of his own father, which was exhibited at the Academy, and was certainly one of the finest examples of modern portraiture, will understand how completely the master of his art displays his power, whether in the physiognomy of a bullfinch and his companion squirrels, or a fine countenance softened into a benevolent and contented old age. It is the mistake of young artists to suppose that anyone can paint a portrait; nothing is more subtle and more easily missed, and as Sir Joshua Reynolds, himself a great exemplar, said, with a deep insight, "no man ever put more into a head than he possessed in his own;" unfortunately, nowadays our artists seem to put rather less.

But we must not lay these rather sweeping charges against the modern school of portrait painters without some practical illustration. The first portrait we come to in the large room happens to be the work of an Italian who has long resided amongst English painters, and the portrait of Grisi, the greatest artist of our time in another of the expressional arts. We may not expect to see the Semiramide or Norma, but to those familiar with the noble Italian head of Giulia Grisi (one can hardly say with the catalogue, "Mrs. G. Grisi") this portrait will not call up one single memory of the magnificent style of her beauty as assumed, or even in her natural every-day expression. The large official portrait of the Prince of Wales, by M. T. Jensen, a Danish artist, also long resident in England, is neither a good portrait nor a good picture. It is true the excess of blue in the robes of the star of India distract the eye, but the figure is by no means a success. The artist has, however, made up for this in the companion portrait of the Princess of Wales, which is really an admirable picture. Mr. Weigall's portrait of the same Royal lady fails in being over-simple in the treatment without attaining the delightful freshness and elegance of line which characterise the Princess. It is a full-length in white

muslin, the face nearly in profile. A full-length of the Prince, in all his grand attire, painted by Mr. R. Dowling for the Tasmanian Government, is the best likeness, and a very fairly arranged picture. The full-length of Lady Mary Fox, by A. Baccani, strikes us in respect of quiet natural colour, evidently peculiar to the complexion of the lady, and a certain refined distinction of style, as the most satisfactory portrait of a lady in the exhibition. The Hon. H. Graves, in his portrait of Mrs. Martin Smith (197) shows the same good quality in the painter—the sense of delicacy of tint and refinement of line in the features. It is easy to paint portraits that shall be brilliant in complexion, lustrous in the eyes, and fine showy pictures, but it is this taste that has so vulgarized portraiture; it is rare to meet with the taste of Gainsborough and Sir Joshua in any modern portraits. If we must illustrate this point, there is the full-length of the Duchess of Wellington, by Mr. J. W. Walton, which the painter has contrived not only to rob of that last pathetic charm of fading beauty, but to disfigure with a quantity of decoration in the shape of dress, treated in the most wretched feeling for colour. Mr. F. Grant's (R.A.) equestrian portrait of the Duchess of Beaufort in company with the Duke, scarcely comes within the category of refined portraiture, because the scale on which the picture is painted necessarily requires powerful painting. Still this is an elegant portrait of the kind, though we cannot say that the artist has been as successful in his portrait of the Duke of Beaufort. Mr. J. P. Knight, R.A., possesses more of the firm and bold style of painting, which suits the more decided features of men; his touch is like Velasquez in its strength, but his colour wants the delicacy and the variety of that great portrait-painter. In Mr. Knight's work, whether we look at General Cabrera, or the Lord Mayor, or Judge Bodkin, there is one brush for all and one colour. It is this that we allude to as so offensive in the mannerism of our most capable painters of portraits. It is so again with Mr. Boxall's portraits, in which the features are modulated, as it were, to some type the painter has preconceived in his mind. No one can be expected to accept his picture of Gibson, the sculptor, as a portrait of the man; it is rather a sort of heroic Gibson, coloured to please the painter, or perhaps the Academy, as it is the artist's diploma work. Mr. Buckner's full-length of Mrs. Bischoffsheim is an exceedingly well-painted picture, but not remarkable for good arrangement; and the half-length, by Mr. G. Richmond, of the Countess of Home, may be pointed out as another of the better portraits in the exhibition. Mr. J. J. Napier's full-length portrait of his Excellency Musurus Bey, evidently a good likeness and well-managed picture, is also interesting as a sign that Mahomet's rigid law against portraits of any living thing is doomed to be dispensed with. The portraiture of children does not seem to us to be completely mastered by either Mr. Millais or Mr. Sant; both painters seem to miss the refinement and bloom of childhood in their effort at fine colour, though Mr. Millais can paint his own children with every touch and feeling for their natural grace and beauty. Mr. Sant's "blue boy," as it might be called, after Gainsborough's, of the Grosvenor Gallery, a portrait of Lord Raglan's eldest son, is, however, a very picturesque and pleasing picture.

Amongst the busts it would be impossible to pass without notice the display of Royal family portraits, not on account of the excellence of the sculpture, quite the reverse, but as showing how completely art is subdued and trammelled by the desire to have it said that Mr. So and So was the sculptor to the Royal family. There is but one step from this to the lion and the unicorn over the studio door, with the accompanying magic phrase of the court tradesman. The really good busts are very few. Mr. Adams' of D. Colnaghi, Mr. Weekes' of W. H. Whitbread, Esq., though this is as much too Herculean in cast as the bust by the same sculptor of the late Sir G. Cornwall Lewis, is heavy and overcharged in the forms; Mr. Woolner's of Mr. Combe, the well-known printer of Oxford Clarendon press, and Baron Marochetti's tinted marbles of Mrs. Hertz and Dr. Blackwood. The busts of the Duke of Newcastle and of Lord Palmerston are miserably feeble; the last is a positive caricature suggestive of *Punch's* Pam without the waggishness and fun, and the photographic legion without their rugged and unpleasant truth.

Of the portrait statues there is only one that can be well spoken of, that is the statue of John Hunter, by Mr. Weekes, which is to be placed in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, a fit embodiment of the true *genius loci*.

As to the sculpture generally, with the exception of a clever group in marble by Mr. H. C. Leifchild, a young sculptor of great promise for our school, called "The Task of Erinna, the Greek Poetess,"—a reclining seated figure of much beauty, on the heroic scale,—there is nothing else which can pretend to claim a first place for the sculptors. This is another form of art that, like portraiture, is at present under a cloud, and perhaps for a similar reason, that the demand for portraits has vulgarized and debased the art.

## MUSIC.

THE revival of Rossini's "Otello" at the Royal Italian Opera can serve but little purpose beyond proving how largely the effect of such music depends on mere vocalization. The application of such a subject to the purposes of operatic composition could only be justified by its suggestion of music equally dignified, heroic, and sentimental in character. When he wrote this opera, Rossini was incapable of any deeper feeling than the enjoyment of the passing hour and the joyous consciousness of his own pleasurable existence.



He had no perception of the deeper emotions of tragic passion, and while his comic opera, "Il Barbiere" (produced at the same period as "Otello") is a masterpiece of brilliant musical comedy, the serious work is little short of a failure if judged according to the principles of dramatic truth and propriety. The conventional Italian school of opera, in which all the characters sing in the same style of florid execution—peers and peasants alike—does not much startle our sense of propriety when heard in a work of a comic or even of a semi-serious kind, any more than the universally pointed and epigrammatic dialogue which is spoken by all the characters in artificial comedy. We accept these anomalies without question or cavil in such cases; but when the deepest passions, the strongest contrasts of character, are to be portrayed with a serious and earnest purpose, we have a right to expect that the composer should rise with the occasion, and tune his lyre to more dignified strains. That Rossini could do this, his noble and crowning masterpiece "Tell" abundantly proves; but this was the product of a later phase of his genius, when self-respect made him more desirous to produce a work of permanence than during his earlier career, when his works were dashed off with as little consideration or revision as that bestowed on ordinary letter-writing. Hence it is that so many of Rossini's works are already nearly forgotten in association with stage performance, although all more or less bearing the impress of his genius, and containing pieces individually beautiful. Among these works which are heard at rare intervals is "Otello," which is occasionally reproduced for the sake of the prominence afforded by the two principal characters for the display of special vocal powers. Signor Tamberlik's Otello has always been one of his best performances. His dignified bearing, the admirable phrasing of his declamation, and his flexible execution of the florid vocal passages in which the sable hero is made to express himself, give a factitious importance to music that is certainly far below the dignity of its subject. Mdlle. Lagrua's Desdemona was a graceful as well as forcible piece of acting, and her music was given with much power and pathos. Signor Graziani, as Iago, was a rather melodramatic and palpable villain, but his singing was admirable, especially in the great duet with Signor Tamberlik in the second act—one of the most forcible scenes in the opera. Signor Neri-Baraldi, as Roderigo, sang with great energy, but scarcely with the finish required by such florid music. "Otello" could hardly be better given than it now is at the Royal Italian Opera; and whatever opinion may be held as to the merits of the composition, there can be no question as to the masterly performance of Signor Tamberlik.

Madame Harriers Wippen, who made her first appearance at her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday as Alice, in "Robert le Diable," is a singer of much merit, who will probably be of service in strengthening the cast of grand operas. Her voice is pure in quality, tolerably extensive in compass, and her style, while unpretending, is earnest and expressive. She has evidently good stage experience, and her success was complete. Signor Junca's Bertram was a fairly efficient performance—far better than his Falstaff. His acting was impressive, and his singing careful throughout. Mdlle. Liebhart, as the Princess, wanted a little more regal dignity; but she sang her music with much expression, especially the cavatina in the fourth act, which was given with admirable sentiment and pathos. Signor Gardoni, as Robert, although somewhat deficient in force and dramatic power, was refined and graceful, and sang with true Italian suavity. Beethoven's "Fidelio" announced for Tuesday next, promises to be a fine performance. The two principal parts being assigned to German artists—Mdlle. Titiens and Herr Gunz—will, doubtless, receive that national expression which is so essentially requisite in such music.

The seventh Philharmonic Concert on Monday was as strong in its instrumental selection as it was weak in its vocal music. The following programme admits of no objection in the one respect, but might easily have been improved in the other:—

PART I.	
Overture ("Euryanthe")	Weber.
Valse, Mdlle. Trebelli ("Faust")	Gounod.
Concerto, in G, pianoforte, Herr Pauer	Beethoven.
Rondo, "Pensa alla patria," Mdlle. Trebelli ("L'Italiana in Algieri")	Rossini.
Concerto, violin, Herr Wieniawski	Mendelssohn.
PART II.	
Sinfonia Eroica	Beethoven.
Aria, "La bella Mea," Mdlle. Trebelli ("Nicolo de' Lapi")	Schira.
Overture ("Le Nozze di Figaro")	Mozart.
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett.	

The orchestral pieces were generally well played, with the usual tendency, however, to slowness of tempo. Beethoven's concerto is one of the most difficult of all to make an effect in, especially with the recollection, yet fresh in the minds of many, of its marvellous performance by Mendelssohn in the same concert-room. Herr Pauer's reading, if not up to this exceptionally high standard, was yet full of earnest intention and careful study, and his execution forcible and well phrased. The two cadenzas which he introduced are said to be by Beethoven, as played by himself in the same concert. If this be indeed so, they are not in the composer's happiest vein, containing little beyond mere passages of display, strung together with little constructive art. Herr Wieniawski is a violinist of the executive rather than of the expressive school; his tone is

full and brilliant, and his mastery over the difficulties of his instrument is complete. His performance was full of energy, the impulsive last movement being perhaps the most successful portion. The vocal music was an entire mistake. Gounod's Waltz, as sung by Madame Trebelli, is an adaptation of the florid violin passages which, in the opera, are played in accompaniment to the stage action. In their original form they are both pretty and appropriate, but turned into a vocal solo the effect is meagre and trifling, and quite unsuitable for a classical concert. The other vocal pieces were also beneath the standard which should prevail at these performances.

The following was the programme of the fourth and concluding concert of the Musical Society on Wednesday:—

PART I.	
Symphony in A minor (first time of performance)	J. F. Barnett.
Scena, "Abscheulicher" ("Fidelio"), Madame Dustmann Meyer	Beethoven.
Concerto, violin, Herr Joachim	Spohr.
Recit. and Romanza, "Oh, lieto" ("L'Etoile du Nord"), Mr. Santley	Meyerbeer.
Overture, "The Calm of the Ocean and the Prosperous Voyage"	Mendelssohn.
PART II.	
Sinfonia Eroica	Beethoven.
Duo, "Crudel perche" ("Figaro") Madame Dustmann Meyer and Mr. Santley	Mozart.
Overture ("Die Zauberflöte")	Mozart.

One of the chief objects of this society being the occasional production of new works, it would be unreasonable to object that these novelties do not prove masterpieces. It is well that such opportunities should exist for the development of any rising musical talent that may present itself among us. Unfortunately, however, there appears to be no more prospect now of any original thought among English composers than there was during past years when the absence of opportunity gave some appearance of truth to the complaint of "want of patronage for native talent." Most of the works now brought forward are rather exercises than compositions, and the contemporary applause bestowed on them should be read as encouragement given to a student, not approval bestowed on a master. Mr. Barnett's symphony is ambitious in form and design, and of a length that could only be justified by special merit. In occupying high ground and claiming attention for a lengthened period, there should be matter of much moment to communicate. We cannot find this justification in Mr. Barnett's symphony—the subjects are generally trite and stale, consisting of a series of short detached phrases without coherence or design. Some portions of the orchestration are effective, but others want that amalgamation of the instruments which distinguishes the "scoring" of a master. The scherzo is the best movement, having much life and character; but, like the rest of the symphony, possessing no trace of originality. In short, Mr. Barnett's effort is creditable as the production of a student, but it is to be hoped that the very great applause bestowed on its performance (which, by the way, was admirable) will only serve to stimulate him to better results, not satisfy him with his present achievement. There is no need for much comment on the remainder of the programme. Herr Joachim's performance was, as usual, admirable in every respect, but the piece (the "dramatic" concerto) has been so often and so recently played, that something less familiar might easily have been found. The lady singer (a new arrival from Vienna) scarcely exceeds a respectable average, having no special gifts either of voice or style. Mr. Santley sang, as he always does, with a finish that has seldom been attained by an English vocalist. The orchestral pieces were generally rendered with that perfection which is characteristic of the splendid band so efficiently conducted by Mr. Mellon, and has given these entertainments so special a place among London concerts.

#### THE LONDON THEATRES.

CONTINUATIONS have always been tempting to literary and artistic inventors. There was a second part of Don Quixote; Fenimore Cooper carried "Leather-Stocking" and other characters through several novels; Mr. Anthony Trollope is never weary of introducing certain puppets in his stories; Rubens painted constantly from one model of matronly beauty; Mr. John Leech draws as constantly from another; and we have long been threatened with a repetition of Lord Dundreary. Mr. Tom Taylor and Mr. Stirling Coyne, it is understood, have both prepared dramas to show his lordship surrounded by different circumstances and supernumeraries, but Mr. H. J. Byron has had the honour of being selected by Mr. Sothorn to make the first framework for Dundreary's re-appearance. With every disposition to look with favour on such a production, we cannot say that "Lord Dundreary Married and Done For," brought out at the Haymarket last Monday, will add much to the reputation of author or actor. It is full of old stage types—the eternal mother-in-law and hypocrite, canvassing for a mission; it is "made safe" with the oldest practical stage "business," including the kicking over of a trayful of crockery, which ought to be insults to an intelligent audience; and, though it plays for one hour, it has nothing like a plot. Lord Dundreary is shown as a husband imposed upon by his relatives, until, prompted by Asa Trenchard, he plucks up spirit to turn them out, but this is all; and the smashing of the plates and



dishes, which marks the conclusion, might take place almost at any point without breaking the thread of the story. The Dundreary style of dialogue, which is not difficult to imitate, has been imitated, here and there, with some skill and fun, but we have rarely seen a piece in which the talents of Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Chippendale, Mr. Clark, and other Haymarket favourites were so completely thrown away. In this respect it is superior to "Our American Cousin," the original Dundreary comedy, from which the names of most of the characters have been taken. It was received somewhat listlessly by a full house, but was "pulled through" by the actors. This is the first piece we have seen which has had a preliminary trial at Liverpool; and, as there are others to follow, the prospect seems scarcely hopeful.

The Lyceum and the Strand will be closed after next week, and during the recess the latter house will be altered and improved by carpenters and bricklayers. The Olympic managers confess the failure of "Sense and Sensation," by announcing a revival of the late Robert Brough's burlesque of "Masaniello." Whether Mr. Robson will be revived with this piece seems to be at present uncertain; but without him the revival will be an impertinence, notwithstanding Mr. Telbin's new scenery.

The Royalty managers, who have been sustained by two of Mr. Burnand's burlesques, announce next week as the last of their present season, and Mr. E. T. Smith will close Astley's with his benefit on Monday next, June 20.

Lord Byron's "Manfred" is to be tried upon an East-end audience at the City of London Theatre, as soon as it can be put upon the stage, with some of the Drury-lane scenery. It was an awful problem for the gallery to solve when it was first produced by Messrs. Falconer & Chatterton; what a pure Norton-Folgate audience will think of it we cannot imagine.

Miss Bateman has left the Adelphi for six months, and the demonstration on her last night was remarkably well organized. The supply of bouquets was unstinted, Mr. Webster made a short speech, and the applause was judiciously led by enthusiastic conductors. Miss Bateman, setting aside puffery, has done this much—she has drawn attention to a German play which will long remain one of our stock domestic dramas. We have before said that we prefer Madame Ristori's version of this piece (a literal translation) to Miss Bateman's. It has more simplicity, the pastoral tone is not broken by any melodramatic starts and surprises, and the ending has all the sad calm of one of Beethoven's symphonies. Several literal versions in English, more or less badly translated, are now playing throughout the country, and the knowledge of this has probably governed Miss Bateman's determination not to try a provincial tour until late in the autumn. Mr. John Oxenford revised her American version, but his words were seldom spoken, and apostrophes to Luna, and other windy Della Cruscan attempts at poetry were nightly uttered, which made parts of the drama ridiculous.

The new Guelph and Ghibeline play by Herr Mosenthal, done into English by Mr. Oxenford, will not be produced until January 2nd, 1865, as at present arranged, when Miss Bateman will return and perform the chief female character. She will be fortunate if the new drama "plays itself" as easily as her last venture. "The Dead Heart," with Mr. Benjamin Webster as Robert Landry, fills up the gap at present; but there is some talk of producing a drama by the same author (Mr. Watts Phillips), called "Lost in London," which has been several years in the theatre. The scenery is ready for it, and nothing is wanted but the usual rehearsals.

A celebrated French dramatic critic, M. Fiorentine, who died the other day, has left a fortune of £24,000 sterling, to be squabbled over by his executors. Though dramatic and musical judge for the *Moniteur*, the *France*, and the *Constitutionnel*, his verdicts were not always above suspicion. One of his latest articles abuses the French public for its tolerance of official restraints at the theatre, and we may quote some of his remarks because he speaks of English playgoers:—

"The Parisian public does not know how to cause itself to be respected at the theatre. It is too genteelly brought up to do so. The performance begins when the manager chooses; the waits between the acts seem an eternity; and, if an actor is indisposed, no one any longer takes the trouble to announce the fact. Portions of the play, nay, entire scenes are cut out; the programme is changed at the last minute; lions, panthers, and tigers are promised, and animals stuffed with straw are exhibited instead; the crowd is invited to go and see the ascent of balloons which do not ascend, and the money-taker forgets to return the money. Such proceedings are known nowhere else. Yet people speak of the *furia francese*! They ought to speak of French mansuetude and long-suffering.

"The pay-places and doors are opened half an hour or an hour after the time mentioned in the bills, or, rather, they are not opened, they are only partially opened, and obstacles are increased to prevent people from entering, because a short-sighted check-taker would not otherwise have the time to sort the tickets. The male officials are insolent, and the female box-keepers crabbed, grasping, and annoying. Last winter I saw, at the Opera, when the glass marked ten degrees below zero, ladies with bare shoulders shivering in the street, while waiting till it should please the officials, who were behind their time, to admit them. In England, if a place at the appointed hour, an office, a theatre, or a railway station, were not opened, the whole of the assembled crowd would, without shouts or tumult, but in a most business manner, smash the windows, break in the doors, knock down all barriers, and pass over pay-places and money-takers. 'Dieu et mon Droit' is the English motto. I can assure my readers that the day following one of these instances of summary justice (which we must blame on principle, because all violence is reprehensible) the

persons who have trifled with the public experience no inclination to do so again.

"The English are men; we are children, minors, who dare not do anything on our own responsibility, and who, on all occasions, wait for the authorities to protect and guide us. There are two or three theatres in Paris for which you must look on the second or third floor. This alone is a sufficient nuisance. When you have got up two-thirds or three-fourths of the way, an attendant belonging to the establishment, a coarse ill-dressed individual, stops you, and, on his own personal authority, separates a husband from his wife, a father from his daughters, on the pretence of preventing any crowding. Go and tell Englishmen that a dirty arm like this is entitled to thrust itself between the bark and the tree, between the public and the money-taker! They will not listen to you. The most unimpeachably close-gloved gentleman would give the vulgar brute a vigorous blow on the cheek and pass him. I know very well he would be wrong, and he too knows so, perhaps, himself. But what is to be done? It is the English custom. It is the right of defence. If a man acts brutally to you, you must act still more brutally to him.

"A man enters the orchestra—he is dead drunk, half undressed, and disgusting; he inconveniences his neighbours, who get up and go for the Commissary of Police. No Commissary is to be found. The wretch's neighbours sit down again quietly, and put up with the infection. In America, the neighbour on his right hand and the neighbour on his left hand would take the drunkard delicately under the arms, and throw him out into the street like a bundle of dirty linen.

"We are too polite! Perhaps we are right! Even if we had canes broken over our backs, we should say—'Patience! we must not take the law into our own hands!'"

The London Shakespeare Monument Committee, after paying all their expenses—about £800, find themselves left with the paltry sum of £300. This they propose to place in the hands of trustees, to form what we may call a Micawber Fund—"waiting for something to turn up," and the completion of the Thames embankment. Several living Shakespeares are now in the field, warranted either by Mr. Halliwell or Mr. John Coleman, the actor, and if one of these poor descendants, who hails from Birmingham, is not a piece of Brummagem genealogy, this £300 might start him in life as a living statue of the poet.

Mr. John Parry varied his performances at the Gallery of Illustration for the first time on Tuesday last, by introducing a new scene called "The Sea-side; or, Mrs. Roseleaf out of Town." Mr. and Mrs. Roseleaf, Mr. Yeany, Miss Gushington, and one or two other well-known characters which were in the "evening party," are retained in this sketch, but two new elaborate full-length portraits are added, and an abundance of amusing and characteristic details of visitors' life at the sea-side. The most finished sketch is an Italian organ-man with a monkey, portrayed with no other mechanical aid than a beard and a "wide-awake" cap. The command of face and of pantomimic expression in this is marvellous, and far superior to the ordinary acting of the stage. The whole scene is full of humorous observation, and in the execution several slight ventriloquial effects are attempted. The town-band plays a waltz on the promenade, but before they begin an old woman or man, with a Kentish dialect, is heard in the distance buzzing "Buy my fine prawns." With a most delicate touch of humour this cry is made, or seems to be made, the "motive" of the waltz, and in the commonplace strains which follow, we recognise a thousand-and-one musical impostures. The whole performance, like everything which Mr. Parry does, has the rare merit of suggestiveness. No "entertainer" has such a power of realizing pictures of life and character without mechanical aids, and of massing these so as to stimulate the imagination of his audience, and create the deepest impression. It is almost impossible to go away from such a performance without feeling that we have really been at the sea-side.

## SCIENCE.

In a paper which appeared in a late number of *Silliman's American Journal of Sciences*, Professor Clark demonstrates that the Tubularians are not parthenogenetic. These coelentrates have genuine ova, and come under the ordinary laws of reproduction. The eggs are produced by special medusoids, which remain attached to the parent. In the development of these bodies, a sort of protrusion of the general integument is observed, and this resolves itself into three layers—an outer or dermal, a middle or muscular, and an inner or ovigerous. In the most internal stratum, the eggs, which are at first only five or six in number, appear, and are recognized by the possession of the ordinary characteristics. The germinal vesicle usually occupies one-third of the ovum, and the young hydroids are well developed before they make their escape from the medusoid-capsule.

At the last meeting of the French Academy M. Morchett described a new form of electric lamp, which he believes will surpass all those hitherto contrived, in simplicity and cheapness. This instrument, which he has himself invented, besides possessing all the advantages of those devised by Serrin and others, allows the height of the luminous point to be regulated at will. If any occasional extinction of the light take place, it must be attributed to the impure character of the charcoal, and not to any imperfection of the apparatus. The new lamp will be sold at the moderate price of fifty francs.

M. Blondeau has just made the important discovery that, when gun-cotton is exposed for some days to the action of ammonia in



the gaseous form, the latter is absorbed to a very considerable extent, and a new compound, to which he has given the name of *cellulo-nitric-triamide*, is developed.

The action of tobacco, when smoked, upon the pulsations of the heart, is a subject which in this country has not received the attention it deserves; we are therefore glad, for the sake of science, to find it has been taken up in France. M. Decaisne contributes a valuable paper to the *Comptes Rendus*, and therein expresses his opinion on the matter. He examined no less than eighty-eight incorrigible smokers, and found among the number twenty-one cases of intermittent pulse, which did not arise from any affection of the heart. Of these, nine were attacked by dyspepsia. Five or six had themselves perceived the peculiarity of their circulation, without, however, attaching any importance to it. It was remarkable, that as soon as the habit of smoking was given up the digestion improved, and the pulsations became more regular. The average age was thirty-four years. If we consider (1) that none of the individuals suffered from organic disease of the heart; (2) that most of them enjoyed a state of health very unfavourable to the production of intermittent pulsation; and (3) that, by forsaking the habit of smoking, there were nearly half the number restored to health, the following conclusion will not appear unjustifiable:—*The abuse of tobacco-smoking may produce in certain constitutions a species of cardiac narcotism, which is indicated by the irregularity of the pulsations, as reckoned at the wrist; and it is only necessary to relinquish the habit in order to obtain a healthy action of the heart.*

A spring possessing very peculiar properties has been found by M. Brogand in the forest of Herny (Moselle). The water is clear and limpid, without either taste or odour, but contains large quantities of mineral matter in solution. It deposits the latter in the form of incrustations upon all bodies placed in it. Remains of plants when plunged in this water become infiltrated by the mineral matter, and by this means are converted into the most exquisite petrifications, which exhibit all the characters of the original object.

M. Aupin, pupil of Professor Malaguti, has succeeded in obtaining silver in the saline residue, obtained by evaporating the water of the Dead Sea. One milligramme of silver is contained in two kilogrammes of the saline matter; that is to say, one part of the precious metal in two million parts of salt, or about seven grains to the ton.

As an instance of the abominable system of terminology at present adopted by chemists, we may mention that M. H. Schiff, in a monograph on some derivatives of ethylidene, states that he has succeeded in obtaining a chloride of *dimercurodiethylenediphenammonium*. If anyone out of the laboratory can pronounce this awful term, we shall be very much surprised.

The recently recorded investigations of Dr. Ludwig prove in the most incontestable manner that the carbonic acid, which is exhaled during respiration, is not got rid of by any special action of the lung-tissue. It would appear that the mere agitation of oxygen with venous blood, removed from the body, is quite sufficient to reduce it to the arterial state. It is, however, impossible, by any artificial means, to convert arterial blood into venous. Dr. Ludwig attempted the artificial preparation of the venous fluid by mixing arterial blood, whose oxygen had been pumped out, with carbonic acid, but the result was a failure. Hence he concludes that the carbonic acid is imparted to the blood in a combined form, and this combination is effected in the tissues themselves.

The son of the distinguished naturalist Saars has been dredging in the freshwater Lakes of Norway, and has, strange to say, come across a species of marine entomostracan, inhabiting the mud of these lakes. This species (*Harpacticus chelifer*) was discovered at very great depth, and so surprised the young Saars that he absolutely tasted the water to ascertain that it was not brackish. It is interesting to observe the influence which its residence in a foreign medium has had on its mode of life. In ordinary circumstances, this little creature is found in very shallow water, but in its freshwater home it buries itself at immense depth: this fact seems to indicate that, when cut off from its proper habitat, it tends to keep itself isolated from other crustacea.

M. Flourens has recovered from his late severe attack, and has thanked the members of the French Academy for the sympathy they extended towards him during his illness.

The list of "Students' Manuals" is about to be enlarged. We understand that Mr. Hardwicke has in active preparation two new hand-books for the use of students—one on therapeutics, and the other on human microscopic anatomy. The author of the former is Dr. Divers, Professor of Materia Medica in Queen's College, Birmingham; the authorship of the latter has been entrusted to Dr. Henry Lawson, Professor of Physiology in the same school. This volume will, we believe, embrace a *résumé* of all the modern views, and be illustrated by a series of drawings quite new to the "student" world.

#### DR. LIVINGSTONE.

At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on Monday night, a communication from Dr. Livingstone was read, narrating the incidents of his last journey into the interior. The despatch containing instructions for the withdrawal of his expedition did not reach him till the 2nd of July, when the water had fallen so much that the *Pioneer* could not be taken down to the sea. His letter to

Sir R. Murchison, dated Murchison's Cataracts, 4th of December, 1863, after mentioning this fact, proceeds:—

"To improve the time, therefore, between July and the flood of December, I thought that I might see whether a large river enters the lake at the north end, and also verify the impression that most of the slaves drawn to Zanzibar, Iboe, and Mozambique, come from the lake district. Our plan was to sail round the east shore and north end of Nyassa; but we very unfortunately lost our boat by five of our natives trying to show how much more clever they were than the five Makololo who had the management of it. It broke away from them in a comparatively still reach of the river, and rushed away like a shot over the cataracts. We then went forward on foot, and struck N.W., so as to come to the latitude of the north end of the lake without coming in contact with the Mazite or Zulus, who have depopulated its shores there. But we soon came on a range of mountains running north and south. The valley on its eastern base was 2,000 feet above the sea, of remarkable beauty, and well supplied with streams of delicious cold water. The range, at least 4,000 feet above it, forms the edge of the high table land on which the Maravi dwell. We were, however, falsely informed that no people lived on the other side, and went along the valley till we came out at the neck of the lake—the bold mountainous promontory, Cape Maclear, on our right, and the hills of Tsenge in front. Again going N.W. we came to a stockade which the Mazite had attacked the day before, and we saw the loathsome evidences of the fight, and wishing to avoid them turned N.E. till we came to the lake and marched along its shores. On coming to Kotakota Bay, lat. 12.55 S., we found two Arabs busily engaged in transporting slaves across by means of their boats, and building a dhow, to supply the place of one said to have been wrecked."

This is the point at which nearly all the traders in slaves and ivory cross on the highway between the eastern seaports and the Cazembe country of the interior. The Arabs had 1,500 persons in the village, and were busily employed transporting slaves to the coast. One fathom of calico (value 1s.) is the price paid for a boy, and two for a good-looking girl. But, nevertheless, it is the joint ivory and slave trade that alone makes slave trading a paying business; for the cost of feeding the negroes would be too great an expense were it not for the value of their services in carrying the ivory; a trader with twenty slaves must daily pay the price of one slave for their sustenance.

"The Babisa are the principal traders, and the Manganja are the cultivators of the soil. The Arabs—the same we met before—were very civil. They came forth to meet us, and presented rice, meal, sugar-cane, and a piece of malachite. Leaving them we went due west, and in three days ascended to the edge of the plateau, which from below looks like a range of mountains. The long ascent, adorned with hill and dale and running streams, fringed with evergreen trees, was very beautiful to the eye, but sore for the legs, often causing us to puff and blow as if broken winded. The heights have a delicious but peculiarly piercing air. It seemed to go through us. Five Shupanza men, who had been accustomed all their lives to the malaria of the Zanzibar delta, were quite prostrated by that which to me was exhilarating and bracing. We travelled about ninety miles west, then turned up to the N.W. The country is level. The edge of the plateau is 3,440 feet above the sea. At the Isangwa of the lake the height shown is 3,270 feet. The direction of the streams verifies these appropriate heights, and your famous hypothesis too, for the Isangwa of the lake finds its way backwards to the Nyassa; while another, called the Isangwa of the Moravi, flows to the westward and enters the Zambesi Zumbo. The feeders of these rivers are boggy valleys with pools in their courses. We were said to have crossed one branch of the Mortala, or Mottawa which flows W.N.W. into a small lake called Bemba. The valleys in which the rivers rise closely resemble those in Londa, or Lunda; but here each bank is dotted over with villages, and a great deal of land is cultivated. The vegetation is more stunted, and the trees covered with flat lichens, like those on old apple-trees in Scotland, and a long thready sort, like orchilla, shows a humid climate. We were going in the direction whence a great deal of ivory is drawn by the people on the slave route, and this induced them to put hindrances in our way, refusing to sell food, and misleading us. The time that could be spent with safety had expired, our European food was expended, and dysentery fell upon us. I was under explicit orders not to take any long journey, but have the *Pioneer* down to the sea by the earliest flood. I might have speculated on a late rise in the river, but did not like the idea of failing in my duty with the vessel, and gave up further progress. The temptation to go on was that Lake Bemba was said to be but ten days distant. Thence, according to native and Arab report, issues the River Loapula Luapula, which, flowing westward, forms the Lakes Mofa, or Mofae, and Moers; then passing the town of Cazembe, it turns round to the north, and is lost in Zanganyika, on the west, into the River Kasai, easterly, where I formerly crossed that river. All agreed in asserting that no river flowed eastward into Lake Nyassa. Two small ones do, but at a distance of say eighty or ninety miles from the lake: the water-shed is to the west. One should have no bias in investigating these questions by the aid of travelled natives; but I had a strong leaning to a flow from Zanganyika into Nyassa. I was, however, stoutly opposed by all, and I had crossed so many running streams which, from entering the lake among weeds, had not been observed from the boat in our first visit, that, before reaching Kotakota, I had come to the conclusion that a large river was not needed to account for the perennial flow of the Shire. I am sorry to give only native information, instead of observations by my own eyes; but, having been confined to work of much more importance than exploration, the above was all I could do when set free. The work on which I had laboured for years has all been spoiled by the Portuguese slave-hunting. As we (the steward of the *Pioneer* and myself) were on our metal, not to overstep the limited time at our disposal, it may be worth mentioning that we travelled 660 geographical miles in 55 travelling days, averaging 12 miles per day in straight lines. The new leaves on the trees of



the plateau were coming out fresh and green there, and we reached this on the 31st of October, to find all, except the evergreens by the streams, as bare of leaves as in midwinter."

Dr. Livingstone's letter having been read, a discussion arose owing to a remark by the President, Sir R. Murchison, on the discrepancies between Mr. Cooley's map of the Great Lake and that drawn up from the observations of Dr. Livingstone.

"Captain Speke said he was inclined to believe that at one period Lake Nyassa and Lake Tanganyika formed one inland sea, and that there was still some connection between them, probably a river flowing through a marshy valley; for when he was at Kazé he heard from the Arabs that there was no mountain range dividing the two lakes, and they also talked of a river, from which he inferred that Tanganyika was drained into Nyassa. Unless Nyassa received its waters from the north, he was at a loss to understand whence it could obtain its vast depth and volume, as well as the supply which was constantly drawn off from it by the Shiré; for in Africa the only part where the rainy season was continuous was a narrow belt on each side of the equator, the tropical region both to the south and to the north being subject to long annual drought, during which the rivers and lakes were very greatly lessened in depth.

"Mr. Galton differed from Captain Speke with respect to the equatorial zone alone having a sufficient rainfall to account for the first-class African rivers. He mentioned the Senegal, the Gambia, the Niger, the Zambezi, as cases in point; and therefore saw no difficulty in the maintenance of the Tanganyika and the Nyassa by means of their local sources of supply.

"Dr. Kirk, being called upon by the president as the only person in the room who had actually sailed on Lake Nyassa, to state the result of his observations, said that, as second in command of Dr. Livingstone's party in 1861, he travelled for 200 miles in a boat along the course of the Nyassa from south to north, and that the number and volume of the rivers they had seen entering the lake were in his and Dr. Livingstone's opinion amply sufficient to account for the flow of the Shiré. The water was as blue as the tropical ocean and in some places 115 fathoms deep. They did not reach the northern end of the lake, but they could see at the farthest point they attained ranges of mountains on both shores, and the lake narrowing in breadth from fifty to fifteen miles. The natives, moreover, told them that five days' further journey would enable them to double the end of the lake and reach a point on the eastern shore opposite to where they then were on the western. They only heard of two small rivers coming in from the north, and these had very little to do with the supply. The rainfall in the region of Nyassa was very much larger than generally supposed. In the map shown by Mr. Cooley, the form and direction of the lake were quite wrong, and the river Shiré (in conformity with the Portuguese account) was represented erroneously as not connected with it; whereas Dr. Livingstone and himself had traced the Shiré from its mouth to its source in the lake. Dr. Kirk pointed out other mistakes in Mr. Cooley's map, particularly the one relating to the River Zambesi, which in this map was given as two separate streams; the upper course of the river being severed, below the Victoria falls, from the lower course; but Dr. Livingstone, himself (Dr. Kirk), and Mr. Thomas Baines, had traced the entire connection of the Upper and Lower Zambesi, with the exception of a small distance of about ten miles."

### MONEY AND COMMERCE.

It is impossible to have better weather for the progress of the crops; it is impossible to have a season which should furnish more encouraging evidence of the maintenance of prosperity. The sole drawback, however, is one that exercises vast influence:—viz. the sluggish negotiations of the Conference, which show beyond doubt the opportunities that may at any instant arise from an European imbroglio. In a political sense, such embarrassments are bad enough, but in relation to financial and mercantile affairs they are doubly depressing. Whatever may, therefore, be our prospects—and it must be confessed that they look less despairing than three months ago—there can be no recovery of importance until the Dano-German question is adjusted by the definite conclusion of peace. Sanguine as people are in the City, they are very sanguine on this point—that the repeated adjournments of the Conference will eventuate in a solution favourable to an arrangement,—unsatisfactory as they think any arrangement must be.

The settlement of the half-monthly accounts at the Stock Exchange, just completed, have passed over much better than could have been anticipated. It is quite evident the neck of rampant speculation for the rise has been broken, and there is comparatively no offer of the overweight of outstanding liabilities. Gradually but surely the brokers and jobbers have been inducing clients to get rid of securities and close their engagements, and by this process it is perceived they have reduced the extent of operations, but it is reasonably inferred that almost everyone may go away for the holidays, and leave his balances in a nut-shell. This agreeable state of things has been entirely produced by the caution and vigilance of the brokers, who have largely availed themselves of the experience of the past.

Among the curious changes and events which have recently taken place are two requiring notice, as showing the desire to adapt the organization of old institutions to the modified views of the present period. The first is the admission of the Bank of England to the Clearing House; and the second, the resumption of a weekly publication of the Bank returns by the Council of the Bank of France. The advantage to be gained through the admission of the Bank of England to the clearing, it is thought, may not yet be developed for some short time; but when the national institutions shall clear

on both sides, then it is believed there will be greater economy in the use of the circulation, in addition to the increase of facilities to the London bankers generally. The return of the Council of the Bank of France to the system of a weekly publication of the position of that establishment will, of course, be beneficial not only on that side of the Channel, but also on this. It will exhibit to the financial world at large the average state of the Bank's business and the Bank's bullion; it will enable the comparison to be made regularly *pari passu* with the *Gazette* return of the Bank of England, and the French and English public will be in a situation equally to arrive at sound conclusions respecting the probable rise and fall in the rates of discount. These endeavours on the part of the two most important banking institutions in England and France to move forward in conformity with the spirit of the times, is an indication that must be accepted as manifesting the good sense of the governing powers of those establishments. The French Government, it is also understood, are about to modify, in some degree, their general system of banking; and since it is presumed, from inquiries made in Lombard-street and the adjoining neighbourhood, that the English model will not be unacceptable, the reciprocity in finance and trading relations will probably be even more extended than at present. The authorities in Paris are not slow to recognise the attempts of Austria and Italy to develop banking through English channels; and though France may not virtually condescend to follow out precisely the same method, she may engraft upon her system some of the features—such as interest on deposit and current accounts—which act so strongly in assisting to accumulate resources in this country.

Spain has once more had a verdict passed against her financial conduct which will augment the disgrace she has had so many years to bear. It was supposed that the steady increase in her prosperity, and the desire to stand again prominently in the family of European states, would have rendered her Finance Minister desirous of propitiating the foreign creditors, and offering some agreeable terms of compromise, not only for the passive debt, but also for the unfunded certificates. But, no; on the contrary, he has sought to introduce measures for arranging on favourable terms for the passive; the certificates are to be altogether neglected; and to add as it were insult to injury, he has obtained through independent sources renewed assistance for an exhausted treasury. What was more calculated to raise the ire of the duped bondholders and the certificate holders? They have consequently very properly held an indignation meeting, and have passed resolutions expressive of their opinions of Castilian honour and of the *morale* of those British capitalists who, while their brethren are suffering from neglected dividends and unrecognised claims, can step out of their way, for the sake of pecuniary profit, to support a Government whose conduct presents such disgraceful antecedents. Now this is all very good and right in the natural order of things, and much blame attaches to the three great firms who are entering into such an operation; but Spain, tricky Spain, as she has done before, will, when she has spent the money, seek for more, laughing, meanwhile, in her sleeve at the success of the swindle. A day of retribution will arrive, and perhaps the individual houses who have assisted her to commit this new breach of faith with old engagements, will suffer for their imprudence. There is, at the same time, no help against a decline in the value of the stock, which is already showing a sharp downward movement, and must, with such barefaced fraud, become further depreciated.

The banking mania may, for the present, be considered to have subsided. It is fortunate, in fact, that it has. The official list exhibits an array of companies and establishments that will transact the whole of any business required, while some of them will hardly, under any circumstances, pay dividends. These will have to amalgamate, and when two or three are blended into one, greater chances will exist for the poor shareholders. The old and the principal new establishments have transacted a full proportion of business during the last six months at very remunerative rates, the price of money, together with the class of engagements, leaving a good margin of profit. It is these banks that will pay the large dividends, not the second and third-class enterprises of two or three years' existence.

The Bank directors on Thursday reduced the rate of discount to 6 per cent., a step showing that they require an accession of customers in that department. They have, therefore, very properly not looked to the requirements of the end of the quarter, but taken time by the forelock, and with increased resources determined to enter into competition with the brokers. For this state of things the brokers are completely prepared, and we shall see quotations once more work in the adverse direction. After the Bank rate was lowered, there was no great increase in the enquiry, and the bankers and leading discount firms only charged 5½ to ¾ for first-class short-dated paper. The rates allowed for money at call have changed from 5 to 4½ per cent., for seven days' notice from 5½ to 5 per cent., and for fourteen days' notice from 6 to 5½ per cent. The Bank return exhibits an increase of £313,375 in the revenue, and of £261,076 in the stock of bullion.

THERE will not be much variation in the money-market for the next few days. The dealers will have to adjust their prices.

LITERALLY there is nothing doing in Stocks or Shares. Most people are arranging to go out of town, and quotations, for the most part, are little better than nominal.

It is said there is a prospect of the rate of money after the dividends going to 5 per cent.



## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## THE INSPIRATION OF SCRIPTURE.\*

ONE of the consequences which might naturally have been expected to follow the late decision of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council on the inspiration of Scripture, and the latitude of clerical opinion therein allowed, was a numerous issue of publications supporting the new dogma of the Church of England, that the Bible *contains*, but is not in its *totality*, "the Word of God." The breach having been, judicially speaking, successfully stormed by the seven celebrated essayists, with Messrs. Wilson and Williams at their head, it was to be expected that the main body of Broad-Church assailants would soon rush to their support, and assist in completing the victory which the forlorn hope had so unexpectedly won. And, though the expression of opinion contained in the Oxford Declaration, which has so unmistakeably informed the world that the Church of England is not yet prepared to surrender her ancient views of Holy Writ, may have deterred more timid latitudinarians from open hostile action, still a sufficiently numerous host of bolder and more ambitious spirits are sure to be found ready to enter the lists, and give their ideas to Christendom for its edification, and no doubt at the same time for their own exaltation and recognition in at least certain episcopal quarters. The result is as might have been expected; and already are works pretty freely issuing from the press, written by clerical controversialists, supporting the new and denouncing the old opinions on inspiration. Among such works, the most remarkable, and, as a discussion, perhaps the most complete we have seen, is the volume before us, on the nature and extent of inspiration, from the pen of the late Head Master of the Royal Grammar School of Mansfield. Ably and temperately written, and no doubt in the spirit of an honest search after truth, while decidedly opposed to all such extreme views as those of Dr. Colenso and M. Rénan, which Mr. Row justly considers to be destructive of Christianity, it is equally opposed to the other extreme of either a verbal or a plenary inspiration of Scripture, or to any views other than that of the Judicial Committee. The principle on which Mr. Row's reasonings proceed differs in no essential respect from that already enunciated by Dr. Jowett—such as, that verbal or plenary inspiration cannot be proved from reasonings founded on the divine perfections, nor from the fact that the Scriptures are called "the Word of God;" but that the true nature of inspiration must be learned from the facts and the declarations of the New Testament itself, which are all, in Mr. Row's opinion, against the notion of "plenary inspiration." It is almost unnecessary that we should point out the utterly gratuitous assumptions here made. However valuable the facts and declarations of Scripture may be, it is clear that there must be, besides, certain general *a priori* conceptions of the Divine Being, derived partly from Scripture itself, from which we may reason as safely and as soundly as we ever possibly could from the best induction of mere facts. The truth is, that this is the very question at issue; and, for our parts, we cannot see in anything which has been as yet alleged against the old view of inspiration an argument to justify us in altering the opinion which we have throughout maintained—that, though in our present Bible there may be errors arising from various minor causes, such as transcription, diversities of reading, etymological ambiguities, and the defects of the ancient methods of numeration, and therefore the Bible may not be in every minute particular absolutely perfect and correct, yet that it is an approximation, and as close a one as, for all practical purposes, could be desired, to an absolutely perfect inspired record. This view is certainly very different from that of Mr. Row; nevertheless, it is both reasonable in itself and perfectly consistent with all the facts and declarations of Scripture. It is but just, however, that the views of the school to which Mr. Row belongs should be understood; and, as the book before us contains a very full and clear statement of them, a brief outline of its contents, both as to the conclusions at which the author arrives and the arguments on which he bases them, may not be uninteresting to our readers.

An important preliminary step is to fix the meaning of terms; and this Mr. Row proceeds to do as to the term "inspiration." "What do we mean when we assert that the Scriptures have been composed by the aid of supernatural inspiration?" He answers this question in the first place negatively, by showing, against the school of Colenso and Rénan, that it cannot denote "great mental endowments," or any "intensification of our natural faculties," such as may be supposed to have inspired the productions of Socrates, or Newton, or Shakespeare. He remarks:—

"If we say that a book has been composed by the aid of inspiration, and intend, by that expression, only to assert that it has been composed by some secret influence belonging to the mind itself, and arising out of its natural powers, we employ a term essentially fallacious. Latent powers exist in the mind, the action of which we cannot refer to any known law; but we understand a wholly different thing from the exertion of any power of this description when we assert that the Scriptures have been composed by the aid of inspiration. To call such phenomena inspiration is to confound together ideas essentially differing in meaning."

Rejecting thus the inspiration of the Zulu, of the clever Brahmin,

\* The Nature and Extent of Divine Inspiration, as Stated by the Writers, and Deduced from the Facts, of the New Testament. By the Rev. C. A. Row, M.A. London: Longman & Co.

of Socrates, Plato, and Cicero, and even the critical inspiration of Dr. Colenso, as not included in the use of the term, he next contends that the aim of inspiration must be to make known to man "a substantive revelation" of truths which he could not possibly arrive at a knowledge of by his unaided faculties. What these truths are, the word "Gospel," in its most comprehensive sense, expresses; that Gospel is a true revelation, and its truths are made known to man by miracles alone, and a divine teacher. The Scriptures, therefore, are inspired as *containing* this revelation; and they are therefore "the Word of God."

But then comes the question as to the extent and degree of inspiration. On this, Christians are divided; but, though divided, they can be Christians still. One form of this inspiration very much in vogue is that which is called "plenary." This term Mr. Row pronounces to be either equivalent to "verbal," and, in reference to the question, to designate nothing short of "verbal inspiration;" or to be so ambiguous as to be utterly useless in expressing any definite idea. "If," he says, "by plenary inspiration we intend to denote the *fullest* form of inspiration, it will be more correctly designated by the term 'verbal inspiration.' But as soon as we qualify the term it loses all definite meaning." He then further proceeds:—

"If we concede that the Scriptures are not verbally inspired, we concede that their inspiration cannot be plenary; because, in whatever degree it is less than verbal, a degree of inspiration must have been employed less than the *fullest* form of inspiration. The fullest form would have required that every thought, word, and expression, even that the style in which the Scriptures are composed, should be the work of the Spirit of God. In whatever degree we admit in them any element of which he is not the complete and absolute Author, we detract from the fulness of the inspiration. Its amount then becomes a question of degree."

The real question being, then, one of degree, how is it to be answered? To this Mr. Row replies, from the Scriptures themselves—from what the writers of Scripture, particularly of the New Testament, say as to their own inspiration, and from their actions and conduct while under its influence, as attested by the facts of Scripture. This inquiry takes him into the body of his work, where it is conducted under the four following heads:—

"I. Whether there are any grounds of antecedent certainty which can aid us in determining the nature of the inspiration which must have been afforded to the authors of the Christian Scriptures, if they are a revelation from God.

"II. We shall inquire of the writers themselves, what assertions they make respecting the nature and degree of the inspiration under the influence of which they wrote.

"III. We shall investigate what is the nature and degree of the inspiration which the facts of the New Testament presuppose to have been required for its composition; and we shall compare the evidence which the facts present with the assertions of the writers themselves, and with the antecedent probabilities of the case.

"IV. We shall inquire into the possibility of the New Testament having originated out of the action of influences purely and entirely human."

Under the first of these heads, in several chapters, Mr. Row endeavours to prove that plenary inspiration, in the sense of verbal inspiration, is impossible. A human element must enter into inspiration, when human beings are made the subject of it; divine truths revealed by its operation can be apprehended only in a human point of view, and not as things in themselves really are; language is in the highest degree metaphorical, and, however accurately expressed, liable to human misapprehension; and, besides, the analogy of Nature, which teaches us that we cannot reason from the Divine attributes as to what the facts of Nature are, equally forbids a like line of reasoning as to the manner and degree in which a revelation should be conveyed. Besides, an inspiration which would secure the infallible accuracy of every word and letter of Scripture would degrade the sacred writers to the mechanism of mere scribes, and deprive the Apostles particularly of one of their most important functions—that of being eye-witnesses bearing human testimony to the sayings and doings of Christ. Their testimony as to Christ's resurrection would not be testimony in that case, but revelation itself: God would be the witness, and not man. By these and other arguments of the like bearing, Mr. Row rejects verbal inspiration as untenable, and then proceeds to inquire as to the degree of that inspiration which it is admitted there must be.

This part of the argument is conducted by showing that not only must inspiration be in degree, but that it is given in different degrees to different persons, and that in the same person it is not the same at different times. The person of Christ exhibits the highest form of Inspiration in virtue of the Incarnation of the God-head. This inspiration was the result of the indwelling of Deity in our Lord's Person. Christ bears testimony as to his own inspiration on several occasions, such as—"I speak to the world those things which I have heard of Him;" "As the Father taught me I speak these things." The Apostolic inspiration, which was next in order to Christ's, must have been far inferior to His, and different also in this respect, that it came to them from without, while Christ's was inherent in himself. On one point Mr. Row insists particularly—that the written and oral teachings of the Apostles were *equally* inspired; that what they had orally taught from time to time in the churches, they afterwards committed in the ordinary way to writing. This notion is of course opposed to that of their



being amanuenses, writing to the dictation of the Spirit. Starting with this assumption, Mr. Row then proceeds to ascertain in what the inspiration of the Apostles consisted. The answer to this question is to be found partly in the promises of assistance by the Spirit made by our Lord before his departure, and partly in the supernatural gifts which were consequently given to the Church, and also in the accounts which St. Paul gives of his own inspiration. The promises of our Lord contained, among other things, that of his disciples' memories being refreshed in order to enable them as witnesses to bear testimony as to his actions, and to remember his discourses. The supernatural gifts were not equal in importance, nor in degree of inspiration. The highest was the gift of wisdom—the Apostolic gift, which enabled the Apostles to learn truths by revelation. But even into this, as well as the others, a human element always entered. Mr. Row endeavours to prove all these points by a wide induction of instances, showing how, in some cases, the Apostles erred in judgment, how they quarrelled, how they avowedly spoke at times on their own authority, &c.; and thus he eventually arrives at the conclusion which we have already indicated, that the inspiration of Scripture is plenary only so far as that it contains the Word of God—the results of the actual Divine revelations.

While the author of this work thus, on the one hand, lowers the inspiration of Scripture, as firmly does he resist the attempts of the Rationalist school to trace the Christian Scriptures to a mythic origin, or to account for it on the supposition that the common narrative, freed from its miracles, was the original story, and the only substratum of truth therein. We can heartily agree with, and adopt, all that Mr. Row says on this part of his subject at the close of his book. Never was a more hopeless attempt made than that of proving that the New Testament, and the religion which is built on it, is traceable to a mythic origin. Myths are invariably no more than certain popular expressions of the prevalent national beliefs of an ignorant age, which require time for their growth. They can, therefore, never account for a religion which suddenly started into being in an historic age, and contradicted and condemned every popular belief. Equally convincing are the arguments by which he shows that the conception of the Christ of the Gospels cannot be accounted for on any ordinary human principles. A perfect human Christ—a suffering Christ—a Divine Christ—are conceptions which could never have been produced out of any existing system of thought or feeling of the day, or by any fusion or selection of the moral and intellectual elements of either the Jewish, Egyptian, Persian, Greek, or Roman world. The character is unique, exceptional, standing out in striking contrast with the world in which it appears; and this fact alone will always be a complete and overwhelming refutation of all attempts which may be made to reduce revelation to science, inspiration to genius, and Holy Writ to a fable.

#### FRANCE UNDER THE BUONAPARTIST RÉGIME.\*

PRINCE DOLGOROUKOW'S work belongs to a class of which even the best specimens have no very high value. It is a narrative of events which are too near our own time to form the proper subject of history; it deals with questions which still stir the passions of parties, and treats of persons and events with which scandal, exaggeration, and misrepresentation have been unusually busy. A temperately written account of the principal events of French history for the last few years might, indeed, be read with interest and profit by the generation from whose memory these events are fading, and by the rising generation, who hear them constantly spoken of, but find it difficult to obtain information with respect to them. But, in order that such a work should be useful, it is indispensable that its author should be tolerably impartial. Unfortunately, Prince Dolgoroukow does not possess that quality in the slightest degree. He hates the Emperor as fiercely as Mr. Kinglake does; and, as he is at least as credulous as the author of "Eöthen," he accepts greedily, and retails eagerly, all the stories which the enemies of the Buonapartes have spread abroad with so free a hand.

The Prince is a Constitutionalist; he looks back to the reign of Louis Philippe as the happiest period of the recent history of France; he is an avowed admirer of that King, and evidently sympathizes keenly with the exiles of Claremont. It is natural that a foreigner holding such opinions should form but a mean opinion of the political capacity of our neighbours. Their want of perseverance, their instability, their capriciousness, their love of military glory, their want of civic courage, have been dwelt upon, until nothing is left to be said on these topics. But it is often said in their favour, that, although the French have not the sentiment of liberty, they have in a high degree that of equality. Against this assertion, however, Prince Dolgoroukow protests strongly. They have, he maintains, no sentiment of liberty, and what is commonly taken for a love of equality is an ardent desire to have no superiors, as few equals as possible, and as great a number of inferiors as may be. The most worthless distinctions are eagerly sought after; the principal object of most Frenchmen is to outshine others and to make them jealous. Nowhere is envy so general as in France. Each rank envies that above it; and while few Frenchmen would willingly allow others to enjoy privileges to which they were not themselves admitted, still fewer would refuse exclusive

privileges for themselves. But it is somewhat surprising M. Dolgoroukow does not perceive that, for a people such as he has described, the Napoleon dynasty and the Napoleonic system of government must possess real and powerful attractions. Notwithstanding, however, all that has taken place, he insists that there neither is, nor ever was, any real Bonapartist party in France. The leaders of the Liberal party under the Restoration, and subsequently Louis Philippe and his Ministers, indulged a similar delusion. They all thought they could play with what they regarded as a mere sentiment, and turn it to their own purposes. But most people now see—as M. Guizot admits in the latest volume of his *Memoirs*—that this is another mistake; and that both branches of the Bourbon dynasty were undermined by the steady growth of a disposition amongst large classes of the population to look back with regretful admiration upon the glories of the empire.

Nothing save the wilful blindness of embittered party feeling can now lead anyone to assert gravely in the words of our author—"De parti Buonapartiste il n'y en a point en réalité." That the Revolution of February, 1848, was accomplished, and that it took France completely by surprise, no one now disputes; but it is not so generally admitted that the very fact that such an event was possible shows an unsettled state of the public mind, and an absence of definite political attachments, which to some extent mitigates the guilt of those who determined to fish in these troubled waters for their own advantage. Undoubtedly, Louis Napoleon stands in need of any benefit which he may derive from such extenuating circumstances.

Several chapters of the work are devoted to biographical sketches, bringing down the history of Louis Napoleon and his friends to the revolution of 1848. It is unnecessary, after what we have already said, to add that their careers and characters are painted in the darkest colours. Louis Napoleon's legitimacy is not spared. The Emperor has already had two putative fathers, Count Flahaut and Admiral Count Verhuel; and M. Dolgoroukow now furnishes him with a third, in the person of Count de Bylandt, a Major-General in the Dutch service and chamberlain to the King of Holland. He tells us this on the authority of Prince Serge Dolgoroukow and Count Blondon, who were respectively Russian ambassador and secretary of legation in Holland, in 1808; and he asserts, on the same authority, that King Louis would not recognise the child which Hortense had borne him in Paris, until he received an imperative command from his brother, the Emperor. This story may or may not be true, but we have no means of testing it; nor can we undertake either to admit or to reject a similar story, which makes the Duc de Morny the son of Queen Hortense and Count Flahaut, and assigns to the Queen M. Mocquard as her last lover. Again, Louis Napoleon may have been an accomplice in Beaumont Smith's forgeries of English Exchequer Bills, and he may have thus raised the funds requisite for his expedition to Boulogne; but, if the fact could have been proved, we cannot understand why it was not brought out on his trial before the Chamber of Peers. Nothing could have been more damaging to his character. M. Dolgoroukow wishes us to believe that Louis Philippe's law-officers knew this at the time; and yet they did not make any use of it. It is impossible, under such circumstances, not to be exceedingly sceptical as to the existence to the proof said to have been contained in the papers connected with that *procès*. It is not necessary to believe that they contained evidence of his participation in a forgery, in order to explain why Louis Napoleon took measures for their destruction soon after he became President of the Republic. These morsels of scandal will probably suffice to show the spirit in which the book is written. We need not dwell upon other parts of the early life of Louis Napoleon himself, or follow the apocryphal biographies of "Fialin dit Persigny," of De Morny, or of Mocquard. Anyone who wishes to know what rumour has to say about these men, will find it set forth here.

There can be no doubt that Louis Napoleon ultimately falsified all the assurances of fidelity to the Republic which he voluntarily and ostentatiously gave on returning to France, and that he broke the oath which he solemnly took as President. But did he intend to break his promises at the time he made them? was the ultimate treachery premeditated from the first? We concur with M. Dolgoroukow in thinking that the facts are inconsistent with any but the most unfavourable interpretation of his conduct; but then it ought to be borne in mind that the Legitimists, and the Orleanists, and the "Mountain," were not a whit more honest. The Republic was doomed to betrayal, and the only question was as to who should strike the blow. M. Dolgoroukow virtually admits this in his account of the manner in which the leaders of the different parties spent the Parliamentary recess of 1850. If the Prince President made a progress through the principal towns, and distributed champagne and sausages to the troops on the plain of Satory, the representatives of the Red party applied themselves vigorously to agitate in favour of a republic still more democratic than that which was in existence; the Orleanists repaired to Claremont to consult with Louis Philippe, and the Legitimists went to Wiesbaden, where the Count de Chambord then held his little court. There was far less difference between Louis Napoleon and the leaders of these parties in point of political principle or morality than of political tact and craft. While they were weak and vacillating, he moved steadily but cautiously on to the accomplishment of his design; while he laid traps for his antagonists, they fell helplessly into them.

The principal act of Louis Napoleon's Government as President of the Republic, was the expedition to Rome in June, 1849. He no doubt sanctioned that measure, and must bear his share of the

\* La France sous le Régime Bonapartiste. Par le Prince Pierre Dolgoroukow. Première Livraison. Londres: Stanislas Tchorzewski.



responsibility. But it is unjust to throw the whole blame upon him. His personal ascendancy was not then established. His Ministers were men of eminence, who exercised a real influence—whose advice he dared not then neglect—and who would assuredly not have sanctioned a policy of which they disapproved. Odillon-Barrot, de Fallou, Léon Faucher, Dufaure, and De Tocqueville, all lent their countenance to this violent suppression of a sister Republic. Some of them, no doubt, were actuated by an honest and fanatical devotion to the Holy See; but others were probably influenced by motives not unlike those which induced the President to court, by these means, the support of the French clergy. *Appropos* of this expedition, Prince Dolgoroukow gives us an interesting account of a conversation which he had with Cavour with respect to Mazzini. We give it in his own words, for we are sure that everyone will be glad to know what was the exact estimate which the great statesman set upon the great agitator and conspirator:—

“Le Comte Camille de Cavour, dans une longue conversation que nous avons eue à Leri, en Octobre 1859, me parlant, entr’autres, de M. Mazzini, me dit ces propres paroles, qu’à mon retour à Turin je notais dans mon memorandum intime: ‘Mazzini est mon adversaire politique acharné, et je crains bien que nous ne restions adversaires toute notre vie durant, mais cela ne m’empêche point de lui rendre toute la justice qui lui est due. Chez Mazzini comme chez moi, la principale fibre du cœur—c’est l’amour de notre pays, pour lequel chacun de nous sera toujours prêt à tout sacrifier. Mazzini veut aussi l’indépendance de l’Italie, mais seulement il suit une voie que je considère, moi, comme périlleuse pour le pays. Néanmoins, aucun Italien ne doit jamais méconnaître, et certainement l’histoire n’oubliera pas les services rendus à l’Italie par Mazzini: pendant un quart de siècle, alors que nous étions écrasés sous le joug de l’étranger, alors que dans toute l’Italie il n’y avait pas encore de tribune libre, où la voix des patriotes puisse se faire entendre, pendant un quart de siècle Mazzini n’a pas cessé un seul instant de prêcher la haine du joug étranger, de raviver et de soutenir le sentiment de l’indépendance nationale; il a tout le droit de se dire qu’il a considérablement contribué, pour sa part, à empêcher le sentiment national de s’endormir, et par-là, il aura une belle page dans l’histoire de l’Italie. Il serait injuste de méconnaître cela.’

“Telles furent les propres paroles du grand Cavour.”

This first part of Prince Dolgoroukow’s work comes down to February, 1851. As we have already said, we cannot regard it as a reliable history; but as the pleading of a strong and scandal-loving partisan, it may be read with a good deal of interest—and, if a proper amount of scepticism be maintained, not altogether without profit.

#### MY INDIAN JOURNAL.\*

THE opinions people form of India necessarily take the colour of their imaginations, which in their turn are influenced by the state of health. Colonel Campbell’s diary was written in the heyday of youth and animal spirits, and is characterised by extreme vivacity and contentment. Not that, had it been written on the shady side of three score and ten it would have been a whit the less cheerful and sparkling, but the contrary, since three portions of the volume which have obviously proceeded from his latest literary experience are among the gayest and most pleasant. All such works are more or less biographical, especially when the author has reached that period of life when a man is supposed to have earned the privilege of being a *laudator temporis acti*. Colonel Campbell tells us where he was born, but not when; and describes the means by which his English mother, a real Spartan in character, fitted him for the course of life he was meant to follow. A Highland education in those days, or at least in Mrs. Campbell’s family, was an excellent preparation for campaigns in the Mysore, the Carnatic, or the Concan; and therefore, when Walter found himself in the Dekkan, he had little more to do than to develop the native resources of his constitution. His history of man’s destiny on this planet, if not original, is at all events curious; he supposes us to be born to hunt and destroy wild animals, to eat curry, to drink claret, and to make ourselves under all circumstances as comfortable as we can. Such a scheme of existence has long found favour among our countrymen in India, which is fortunate, since the climate is rather bilious in its tendency, and makes sad havoc among thoughtful and speculative politicians, mowing them down, as experience shows, like grass, while a man who applies himself to nothing but eating, drinking, and hunting, is generally able to set malaria at defiance, to march unscathed through forest and jungle, and to return to the Highlands with piles of diaries for the advantage of Messrs. Edmonston & Douglas, and the amusement of readers of light literature.

Colonel Campbell may, in some sense, be said to be a popular author, his “Old Forest Ranger,” a sort of sporting romance, having gone through three editions, which we trust may be the case also with the diary. Very few persons are capable of encountering the serious and stubborn questions which cluster about the consideration of India’s future, whereas everybody is equal to the task of appreciating a tiger or a buffalo hunt, a night march through the jungle, a dance of bayaderes, a morning landscape among the Ghâts, a supper or a breakfast such as luxurious civil servants enjoy when out on a hunting expedition. This, at all events, is the sort of entertainment supplied by Colonel Campbell’s diary. His

pages are a little of the bloodiest occasionally, which we suppose may be in conformity with the preferences of sportsmen, especially while extremely juvenile; but, as we have little sympathy with tigers, wolves, or wild boars, the sanguinary pictures do not greatly distress our humanity. Sometimes we murmur to ourselves, while glancing over the literary seasoning of the volume, *Si non é vero, é bene trovato*. Travellers like Colonel Campbell are not required at the foot of each page of their books to enter a solemn affidavit of its verity; they dash away, invent, joke, and illustrate, in obedience to the inspiration of the moment. The great achievement in view is to amuse that rather unamusable animal, the public, which has been so thoroughly spoiled of late by hot Indian dishes, that it will never, in all probability, be reconciled again to our sober northern cookery. We heartily forgive Colonel Campbell, therefore, for the numerous quaint devices by which he endeavours to pick up stray readers in a world of gobemouches, not at all in quest of strict and sober information, but moving hither and thither with their mouths open, ready to snap up and swallow whatever smacks of the marvellous.

Most of our recent works on India have had the scene of their observations laid in Bengal or the North-West Provinces, though occasionally we have been favoured by yellow invalids with a peep at the forests and valleys of the Neilgherry group. Dr. Markham, in his account of the introduction of the chinchona into India, sketches very agreeably the aspect of the great southern health-station; but, properly speaking, we do not possess a satisfactory work on the Neilgheries. Colonel Campbell, therefore, does not tread over beaten ground in the pictures he draws of that favoured region. Everybody knows that the plains of Southern India are brooded over by an atmosphere half vapour, half fire, in which Europeans wither away till they look like the ghosts of their former selves. In the midst, however, of this torrid region, arises a system of mountains equal in elevation to the lower Alps, which, from the hues they present when contemplated from below, have been called the Blue Heights. To these you ascend through ghâts or passes, five or six thousand feet high, which open at their upper end into a delightful country, inferior for beauty to none in the East save Kashmir, and for salubrity far superior even to that. The air is cool and refreshing; hoar frosts are beheld in the morning, and biting winds sometimes blow along the summits of the mountains. Here, then, the weary civilian or more weary officer soon recovers his appetite and his good looks, especially as there is little or nothing to do, even for those who are supposed to be there on business. Colonel Campbell was aide-de-camp to Sir John Dalrymple, and commanded the escort by which his lady and her daughters were conducted to the hills. The word aide-de-camp is made use of to cover a social imposture, for, while it is intended to suggest the idea of a person who affords active assistance to a general, it really signifies one who does nothing, and has nothing to do, though he enjoys numerous privileges and receives double pay.

A fast lady, Colonel Campbell informs us, once told him that aide-de-camps were charming people, because they had no occupation but that of making love, which they always did, he says, with the greatest alacrity. Another resource of idle men is the chase, which, as it leads them out into the open air and familiarizes them with some sections of nature, is not altogether useless. Colonel Campbell’s Highland education has given him an eye for the picturesque, and enables him to sketch a landscape when he beholds one to his taste. We extract his description of a scene in the Neilgheries:—

“Our meet was at a beautiful spot about nine miles from the cantonment of Ootacamund, in an out-of-the-way nook among the hills, which I had lately discovered during one of my stalking excursions, and to which I had given the name of ‘the bear’s glen,’ in consequence of my having seen and killed my first bear there, and having been informed by the natives that it was a favourite haunt of the ursine family. It is a deep rocky ravine, the sides of which are all ablaze with the bright scarlet flowers of the rhododendron. At the head of the glen a grand waterfall rushes over a perpendicular ledge of rock, about 200 feet high, and plunges headlong into the dark ravine below, where it is heard roaring and chafing along its rocky bed. From the edge of this ravine the valley slopes gently upwards to the base of the lofty mountains by which it is surrounded, and is clothed with beautiful woods, intermixed with patches of rich green pasture, so tastefully arranged by the hand of nature, as to give the idea of a noble park, laid out and planted with consummate skill. The only apparent outlet from this enchanting valley is by a wild gorge on the edge of the ghâts, through which the river makes its escape; this natural portal in the mountains affording a fairy-like peep of the glowing plains below.”

Bishop Heber, when travelling in Northern India, fell in with the gipsies of that part of the country, of whom he gives an interesting description in his journal. Neither he, however, nor any one else, can suggest even a probable explanation of their origin. Misled by their English name, Colonel Campbell supposes them to be descended from the Egyptians. But they are called Bohemians in France, Zingaros in Spain, and by other appellations in other countries. The most probable opinion is that which represents them as a tribe of Hindûs, driven westwards before the armies of Timûr, for they first appeared in Europe immediately after his invasion of Western Asia. Our readers will in all likelihood remember Lord Teignmouth’s account of his colloquy with the old gipsy on Norwood Common. Fancying her features to be Hindû, he accosted her in Hindûstani, and, after gazing at him for some minutes, she replied, with an irrepressible gush of emotion, in the

\* My Indian Journal. By Colonel Walter Campbell, Author of “The Old Forest Ranger.” Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.



same language, which she spoke with remarkable propriety. Though this does not of course settle the question, it falls in with the general belief that the gipsies come from the foot of the Himalaya.

Without troubling himself about ethnological inquiries, Colonel Campbell assigns the gipsies to the banks of the Nile, in the following highly interesting passage:—

"The 'Brinjaries' of India, like the gipsies of other countries, are a wandering race; they travel about the country, living in tents; and earn a livelihood by trading in grain, for the transport of which they keep large droves of remarkably fine bullocks. In time of war they are—in consideration of the useful nature of their traffic—looked upon as neutrals by all parties; and pass freely through the most disturbed districts without fear of molestation. I believe, indeed, that their persons are held sacred even by the bloodthirsty 'Thugs.'

"Some of their women are strikingly handsome; and are said to be remarkable for chastity and fidelity to their husbands—rare virtues among Indian females. The women of this tribe wear a peculiar and very handsome dress, which adds greatly to their picturesque appearance. It is similar to what we see represented in ancient Egyptian paintings; and is probably the identical style of dress worn by Pharaoh's daughter and Potiphar's wife.

"There was one woman among the 'Brinjaries' we met this morning with whose dress and appearance I was particularly struck. She was a tall, graceful creature, with the step and bearing of a queen; and her features, strikingly handsome, were stamped with an expression of native dignity that might well have become a Cleopatra. Her picturesque dress—the antique pattern of which carried the imagination back to the palmy days of ancient Egypt—was arranged with considerable care, so as to display her graceful figure to the best advantage. Her well-rounded arms, naked from the shoulder, were ornamented, both above and below the elbow, with armlets of a strange antique pattern, which, for all we know to the contrary, may have been coeval with the Pyramids—heirlooms, perhaps, handed down from mother to daughter since the days of Cheops. Her glossy black hair, braided with classical taste, was also decked with a profusion of gold ornaments; and her flowing robe, of a rich brown colour, was edged down the front and round the bottom with a broad crimson border covered with strange hieroglyphic figures embroidered in black. A handsome girdle, also covered with hieroglyphics, encircled her waist, and her feet were shod with sandals, richly ornamented with silver studs. As she sailed past at the head of her tribe, and returned our salutations with a graceful inclination of the body, I thought I had never beheld a more noble-looking creature."

Some few years ago, a small volume was published, entitled a "History of the Pindarres," the part played by whom in the wars of India was so remarkable that it truly deserved a separate narrative. When Colonel Campbell was in the Dekkan, a few fragments of that curious organization still floated about, prepared, though unwillingly, to melt into the general mass of the population. While on a march, he fell in with

"A few straggling Pindaree horsemen armed to the teeth, and mounted on their little, active, thoroughbred-looking steeds, low in condition, but full of fire, and exhibiting points indicative of great endurance as well as speed.

"In these piping times of peace, the warlike Pindaree, once the terror of the Mahratta country, is reduced to the necessity of earning a scanty pittance by cutting firewood in the jungles, to dispose of in the very villages through which, in days of yore, he used to ride triumphant, laden with spoil. But even when engaged in this peaceful occupation, he never parts with his beloved weapons. His long taper lance, and steel-hilted sword, are free from rust, and keen as ever. He evidently loathes his present inglorious mode of life. The haughty glance with which he eyes the European traveller, shows that the spirit of the daring freebooter still glows within his breast; and although reduced to be a hewer of wood, his proud heart yearns after the good old times, when his hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him."

In the interval between the period of Colonel Campbell's residence in India and the present day a wonderful change has been effected in all classes of people, the Nautch girls among the rest. Religion in that country allies itself with strange practices, some of which, as at Tripetti, were of so questionable a nature that the Brahmans used to pay the Government thirty thousand pounds a year to keep away Europeans from their temple. At Seroda no such precaution was taken, the priests being more indifferent respecting their characters. Like several castes, such as the Nairs, they possessed all their women in common, though they do not seem to have been very solicitous to guard them against the approach of strangers. Indeed, they would appear rather to have converted them into a source of revenue, which for many years continued to be considerable. But revolution has extended its empire to India, as well as to most other countries. Everything is in a state of change—religion, caste, opinions, manners; everything is putting on a new aspect under the influence of the Western conquerors. The bayaderes of Seroda, therefore, have now ceased to be what they were in Colonel Campbell's time, just as the ghawazi in Egypt have degenerated from their pristine character. The traveller would consequently look in vain for the females described in the present volume, whose elegance and modesty, however, may be traceable, in great part, to the generous toleration of a youthful observer:—

"On landing near the village, we pitched our tent on the beach; and, in accordance with the etiquette of the place, we despatched a messenger to announce our arrival. We were soon after waited upon by a deputation of smiling nymphs, who in the most graceful manner

expressed their thanks for the honour we had done them; and informed us they were charged with a message from the matron of the village, requesting the pleasure of our company in the evening to witness a 'nautch'; and, after throwing a garland of flowers round each of our necks, they returned to the village.

"I was much struck with the grace and beauty of these young creatures. They were nearly as fair as Europeans, with beautifully regular features; and their deep blue melting eyes, fringed with long silken eyelashes, were perfectly bewitching. It was that peculiar eye—rare even in Europe, and unknown in any other part of India—which Byron so beautifully describes as

'The Asiatic eye,  
Dark as above us is the sky;  
But through it steals a tender light,  
Like the first moonrise of midnight;  
Large, dark, and swimming in the stream,  
Which seems to melt in its own beam;  
All love, half languor and half fire.'

"Their figures were more stately, and their limbs fuller and better rounded, than those of Indian females generally are; and their peculiar dress—a flowing robe confined round the waist by a silver zone, and looped up on one side so as to expose the leg to a little above the knee—closely resembled the drapery of an ancient Greek statue. Their hair, simply braided, was entwined with wreaths of jessamine, and secured behind with a gold bodkin. And the general effect of their charms was not a little heightened by the unaffected sweetness and simple modesty of their demeanour. For, notwithstanding their strange customs—shocking to our ideas of propriety, but considered perfectly proper by them—the poor things retain all the native modesty of their sex, and are not by any means meretricious in their behaviour."

From the passages we have quoted, it will be seen that the "Indian Diary" is very pleasant reading, light, rapid, and full of incident, though in most parts the author's adventures are rather those of a sportsman than of an ordinary traveller. But sporting in itself is a source of amusement to many, especially to such as take an interest in the habits and characters of animals, which are so varied and so curious that a whole life might be agreeably spent in observing their ways. We must not omit to state that the volume is profusely illustrated.

#### THE PORTENT.\*

MR. MACDONALD offers his story to the world with some mis-giving. In the dedication to Mr. Duncan McColl, he rather apologises for having in these days written a pure romance, and says he should greatly regret to see such creations become the fashion; but he thinks that there ought to be "a still nook, shadowy, but not miasmatic, in some lowly region of literature, where, in the pauses of labour, a man may sit down, and dream such a day-dream" as that which he now submits both to the critical and the uncritical public. We entirely agree with him as to the perfectly legitimate character of such works of fiction, but hardly as to their alleged paucity at the present time. The feverish reaction towards supernaturalism which has taken place of late, as exhibited in the forms of mesmerism, electro-biology, spiritualism, &c., has had its effect on our current literature of fiction, and stories of startling wildness are now put forth and read with avidity, which, twenty years ago, would have received no attention, unless, as in the case of Bulwer's "Zanoni," recommended by the fame of their authors. It may even be questioned whether we have not had somewhat too much of this species of literature. The genuine old school of romance, after the fashion of Mrs. Radcliffe, has indeed passed away; but Mrs. Radcliffe, except in her posthumous work, "Gaston de Blondville," did not deal in the supernatural. Her greatest wonders, her ghastliest terrors, always had a physical, and sometimes rather a shabby, explanation. But recently we have been accustomed to a species of story-telling in which the actual events of modern life are seen clouded over by the shadows of the spectral world. This is what Mr. MacDonald has done in "The Portent." He lays his scene in the present century and in our own land; but behind the visible and familiar forms of men and women, externally such as we behold around us, he opens a great gulf of mystery and dread—the phantom regions of doubt and possibility. And, as if more fully to answer to the metaphysical tendencies of the time, a latent scepticism trickles, like a half-concealed rill, through the thickest overgrowths of the superstition. The supposed narrator is for ever hinting that perhaps, after all, his strange experiences were nothing but a dream, or the delusion of sickness, or the juggle of an overwrought imagination. He will chronicle, he will speculate, he will believe up to a certain point,—but always with a lingering distrust. The human soul is full of infinite suggestions of the Divine and the Eternal, lying beyond the poor transitory shows of this life; and these wonders of second sight and of old diabolical legends may have a veritable existence away from, yet sometimes influencing, our sphere. Yet the human soul is also full of self-deception; and so the supernatural, as it is called, may be nothing more than the natural and the ordinary, imperfectly apprehended. This speculative, hesitating spirit,—this tendency to philosophise by the way, and to suspend the judgment as Hamlet does,—makes a marked distinction between Mr. MacDonald's story and the older forms of romance to which he

\* The Portent: a Story of the Inner Vision of the Highlanders, commonly called the Second Sight. By George MacDonald, author of "Within and Without," "Poems," "Phantastes," &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.



seems desirous to assimilate it. Downright, unquestioning faith was the rule with Romance, as with the Church, in days gone by. In these times, speculation is mingled with belief in the one as in the other.

The hero of "The Portent" is Duncan Campbell, a young man born and brought up, until he is nineteen, on the small estate of his father in the north of Argyll. As a boy he is fanciful and fond of solitude, often lying for whole days on the top of a lonely hill, rejoicing in his freedom, yet with a kind of shuddering dread, not of what he might see, but of what he might hear, that was ghostly and ominous. One day he does hear a strange sound coming from the side of a mountain opposite to where he is sitting—the gallop of a horse where no horse could be, and a clanking noise, as if one shoe were loose. This is accompanied by a sense of terror, and the terror is shared by Duncan's foster-mother when he informs her of the fact. She tells him that there is a legend associated with the sound, and that to hear it is generally considered unlucky. In ages long gone by, two brothers, sons of the chief of a clan, fell in love with the same maiden. The elder brother was a brave, frank warrior, gentle to all about him when not in battle; the younger was dark, silent, studious, suspected of being in league with the Evil One, and cursed with a frightful temper. One day, the latter, tracking his brother to the trysting-place, hurled him over a precipice, caught up the maiden and rode off with her, but was afterwards precipitated by his horse, together with his now lifeless burden, to the bottom of a ravine, and dashed to atoms. It was observed by those who found them there that a hind-shoe of the horse was loose and broken; and thenceforth the spectres of the wretch and his victim were often seen careering about the mountain, and the clank of the broken shoe became a sound of terror in wild and threatening seasons. This old legend is made to foreshadow the course of Duncan Campbell's life, and to exercise a mysterious influence over his fate. It is suggested by the old nurse that he is the elder brother returned to earth; that he will never rest till he has found his beloved of old; that he will have to pass through sore trouble and danger to do this; and that the ghost of the younger brother will pursue him like an evil influence. Shortly after this, he leaves Scotland to take the post of tutor in the mansion of Lord Hilton, an English nobleman residing in one of the midland counties. He has not been here long before he falls in love with the Lady Alice Glendarroch, an inmate of the house, and a distant relative of the Hiltons. This young lady is described as white rather than pale; "her eyes large and full of liquid night—a night throbbing with the light of invisible stars." But to these perfections there were some rather serious drawbacks:—

"She could neither spell her own language, nor even read it aloud, yet she delighted in reading to herself, though, for the most part, books which Mrs. Wilson characterized as very odd. Her voice, when she spoke, had a quite indescribable music in it; yet she neither sang nor played. Her habitual motion was more like a rhythmical gliding than an ordinary walk; yet she could not dance."

In fact, to ordinary observation, she is to some extent idiotic, and is so treated by the family. Yet to the observant eyes of Duncan she reveals occasional gleams of a weird and awful intelligence, and he soon acquires an immense influence over her. The room set apart for the young tutor is so strangely bound up with the development of the story that we must glance at it:—

"Strange was its look as I entered—as of a room hollowed out of the past, for a memorial of dead times. The fire had sunk low, and lay smouldering beneath the white ashes, like the life of the world beneath the snow, or the heart of a man beneath cold and gray thoughts. I lighted the candles which stood upon the table, but the room, instead of being brightened, looked blacker than before, for the light revealed its essential blackness."

In this room is a cupboard, which, on being opened, discloses, behind a piece of old tapestry, a door at the back, fastened by a rusty bolt. Duncan forces back the bolt, opens the door, and finds himself in a large hall, dusty and desolate, belonging to the most ancient part of the mansion—a part that has been shut up for years, and which of course has the reputation of being haunted. On a certain evening, when sitting in his room, he hears a faint cry sounding somewhere far away in the vast old building. He at once passes through the secret door at the back of the closet, crosses the hall, finds his way up a great flight of stairs, and at length, after much wandering, enters a long corridor, lit by the moonlight pouring through a line of windows, and making alternate spaces of gloom and radiance. In this ghostly territory he sees the glimmer of a figure in white, which, advancing with a wild cry, falls along the floor. It is the Lady Alice, who, while walking in her sleep, has been suddenly awakened by the sound of Duncan's steps, and has fainted. The young man carries her to his room, lays her on the sofa, and awaits her recovery. Her surprise and indignation on finding where she is, give place, after a while, to a kind of sympathy when Duncan exclaims that he hears the sound of the clanking horse-shoe. She, too, is familiar with that sound, and it now contributes to link their destinies. One night, as Duncan sits alone, he finds his intense longing to see Lady Alice (who has been ill for some time) growing into "the operative volition" that she should come. She does come—walking in her sleep, pale, clad in white, ghostly, and saint-like. Passing round to the couch, she lies down upon it:—

"Gradually, but without my being able to distinguish the gradations, her countenance altered to that of one who sleeps. But the

change did not end there. A colour, faint as the blush in the centre of a white rose, tinged her lips, and deepened; then her cheek began to share in the hue, then her brow and her neck. The colour was that of the cloud which, the farthest from the sunset, yet acknowledges the rosy atmosphere. I watched, as it were, the dawn of a soul on the horizon of the visible. The first approaches of its far-off flight were manifest; and as I watched, I saw it come nearer and nearer, till its great, silent, speeding pinions were folded, and it looked forth, a calm, beautiful, infinite woman, from the face and form sleeping before me."

Of course, mutual love is the result of all this. The nightly visits become frequent, and at length the young couple meet in the haunted chamber. During the day, Alice is a strange, dreamy, abstracted, scarcely sane being: at night—

"Floating slowly up from the infinite depths of her being came the conscious woman; up—from the realms of stillness lying deeper than the plummet of self-knowledge can sound; up from the formless, up into the known, up into the material, up to the windows that look forth on the embodied mysteries around."

The lovers agree to elope; but one night, as they are whispering together in the haunted chamber, Lord Hilton (whose rattling spurs have an ominous likeness to the clanking shoe) bursts in upon them. A struggle ensues between him and Duncan, and the latter, stunned by a blow, is thrust out of the house. He joins the Scots Greys, is absent from England for some years, and on his return can learn nothing of Alice. He wanders about Europe, seeking her; but twelve years elapse, and she is not found. How he at length discovers her whereabouts through the agency of the old nurse's gift of second sight, and the exact nature of the climax, we shall not relate. The reader has already learnt enough to interest him in the story, if he possess an appetite for this kind of writing.

Mr. MacDonald's command over the weird, the ghostly, and the spiritually beautiful, is very great. His prose is instinct with poetry, whenever anything poetical has to be described. But in power of characterization he is deficient. For this reason we prefer his exquisite story of enchantment, "Phantastes." That was all fairy-land, with no harsh intrusion of irreconcilable fact. In "The Portent," the actual joggles, so to speak, with the supernatural; and the effect is sometimes almost ludicrous, owing not so much to the contrast between the two conditions, as to Mr. MacDonald's want of power to harmonise them. His familiarity with the one is not accompanied by an equal familiarity with the other. The old Scotch nurse, with her awful privilege of second sight, might have been made a grand figure; but she utterly fails in individuality and dramatic truth, talking "by the book," and relating long stories in nicely-poised sentences. The author explains the defect by saying that the old woman spoke in Gaelic, and that he only gives the purport of her words; but this, of course, is no excuse for a mistake in art, where the artist is at liberty to choose his own conditions. Something, too, might have been made of the inmates at the old hall; but Lord Hilton and the rest are the merest nonentities. The circumstances attending the rescue of Lady Alice are extremely improbable and melodramatic; and whenever our attention is drawn away from the ghostly and fantastic, we are conscious of the incompleteness of the narrative. Viewed from the stand-point of common-sense, we cannot but think that Lord Hilton was quite right in objecting to the tutor of his sons taking advantage of his position in the house to make nocturnal assignations with a young lady of weak intellect. But the poetical and psychological parts of the tale are touched with rare felicity. The double life of the Lady Alice—passing through the portals of sleep from semi-idiotcy to the loftiest spiritual existence—is a striking and beautiful conception; and the dim, deserted, dust-grown wing of the old mansion, haunted by mystery and silence and grey legends, will remain a portion of our remembrance, side by side with the similar creations of Mrs. Radcliffe.

#### THE NATURE AND POSITION OF WOMEN.\*

WE have heard of a lady who once gave it as her deliberate opinion that the worst woman who ever appeared in the world was immeasurably superior, even morally considered, than the very best man. If Mrs. Farnham does not go so far as this in direct statement, her whole book certainly implies as much. She summons us "lords of the creation" to the bar of her feminine judgment, and certainly the merciful disposition commonly attributed to women as one of their most beautiful characteristics is not apparent in this particular instance. We must say that we get very hard measure at the hands of Mrs. Farnham. She turns the severest of faces to the whole set of us, and at the same time exalts her own sex to the very highest peaks of perfection. Yet she does not belong to the "Woman's Rights" party. She says that, while feeling the greatest respect for that party, she could never co-operate with it, because it has seemed to her "erroneous in philosophy, and in many practical matters partially mistaken in direction." The precise nature of this divergence is not stated; but, as far as we can gather, it appears to consist in this—that the Woman's Rights sisterhood content themselves with demanding for women a complete equality with men, whereas she considers the former so far superior to the latter that she will only be con-

\* Woman and Her Era. By Eliza W. Farnham. New York: A. J. Davis & Co. London: Trübner & Co.



tent with seeing the female in the position of command to which her higher virtues and larger mental capacity entitle her, and the male in the state of subjection proper to his native viciousness, poorer understanding, and coarser soul. Mrs. Farnham passes the two sexes in review, physiologically, psychologically, morally, intellectually, and socially, and, with severe partiality, proclaims the predominance of her own sex in every respect but that of muscular strength; nay, even this is only another proof of our degradation, for the man is stronger than the woman simply because it is his portion to do the coarser and more ignoble work of the world, the finer tasks being all reserved for the finer being. Man, according to this view, is the scavenger, wood-hewer, and water-carrier of the terrestrial universe—a sort of poor, brutish Caliban—and woman a divine compound of Miranda, Prospero, and Ariel, all in one, and yet somehow the slave and victim of Caliban. Masculine beauty is an expression Mrs. Farnham will not allow, except in as far as the individual to whom it is applicable partakes of feminine characteristics, and is, therefore, so much the less a man. Our forms are angular and “knobby,” and Nature has stamped inferiority on our faces in providing us with beards. One of the alleged proofs of the superiority of man to beast being in the nudity of the man as contrasted with the ready-made clothing of the beast, Mrs. Farnham argues that it follows, as a matter of course, that the female is superior to the male because she has no hair on her chin and upper lip. The syllogism is rather a dangerous one; for we might go on to assert that, if the more or less of hair is to be taken as the measure of moral and intellectual standing, man is the superior after all, because he has the privilege of baldness, which rarely happens to women. But Mrs. Farnham further alleges that the beard muffles and conceals the expression of our faces (which it does not), and is therefore a sign of our treachery and secretiveness. Our fair accuser has a very ingenious, though not very generous, way of interpreting all to our disadvantage. Whenever she is forced to admit anything to our credit, she says it is only because to that extent we have acquired the character of women. On the other hand, the occasional defects of women are owing to their becoming masculine, or to their being selfishly corrupted by men, or to the mere excess of their virtues, acting on a temperament too sensitive for the rough demands of life. If a man, being in love, addresses the object of his passion in the language of extravagant homage, it is to be construed against him as an involuntary confession of inferiority. If the woman never calls her lover an angel, it is because she knows very well that he is nothing of the kind. These are Mrs. Farnham's comments on the language of love; and we cannot but think that the lady has taken a very unhandsome advantage of us. In the approaching days of feminine dominion, we suspect that the young men will be very careful how they call their sweethearts “angels,” if the compliment is afterwards to be employed against them as a weapon of offence. Works such as this are always characterized by a tone of bitterness and antagonism towards men, which augurs ill for our fate when we are brought under the sway of petticoat government. But our authoress proceeds to say, that when a woman talks of her “devotion” to the man she loves, she is once more proving her infinite superiority; for, “in the human relations devotion is exhibited towards an object who is either less happy and fortunate, or intrinsically less exalted and worthy, than the person showing it.” The man, of course, according to this view, is never “devoted” to the woman; he is simply “loyal” at the best—and what is “loyalty”? Loyalty, sir, “is the sentiment of the heart towards a superior,” and “it would offend or disgust us to see the higher paying loyalty to the lower.” “It flows towards what it reverences, and at the same time sustains, by service which it recognizes as dutifully, naturally paid, *because the servitor is the inferior of the served.*” (These italics are Mrs. Farnham's own.) “Thus, laying down all externals, it is clear that loyalty is *commanded* by the qualities of a nature or position superior to those which render it; while it is equally clear that devotion *proceeds freely out from* qualities which recognise in its object an inferior, in so far, at least, as there is need of service of a quality which it cannot render itself.” The thoughtful reader will not require to have pointed out the fallacy of this argument, lurking in the prodigious assumption that devotion only exists in the woman towards the man, and in the purely conventional and contracted use of the word “loyalty.” The true meaning of that word, and the only sense in which it is used in connection with love, is good faith—honourable fulfilment of engagements made. The engagement in love being mutual, the need of loyalty is as great on the one side as on the other, and in this relation the fact is in no respect suggestive of the inferiority of either sex. But Mrs. Farnham, republican as she is, chooses to tie the word down to the very restricted meaning it has acquired in connection with the institution of monarchy.

Such is a specimen of the kind of “reasoning” which we are called on by this lady to accept as the statement of indisputable truths. Similar beggings of the question are to be found in plenty. Our authoress goes upon an assumption which we have always found running through this class of compositions, and which the writers seem to consider so self-evident as not to require even the poor show of argument involved in such perversions as those we have quoted above. This is, that women have a sort of exclusive, divine right of suffering; that men suffer nothing to speak of; that while the husband is running about the world selfishly enjoying himself (for ladies of Mrs. Farnham's persuasion are always ready to put the worst interpretation on our actions), the wife is sitting at home meekly suffering—a sort of domestic

martyr, ready, nevertheless, with a certain aggressive forgiveness, as soon as the husband, having sufficiently enjoyed himself, has returned to his fireside; that, at the best, even a sympathetic husband, brother, or son, has no knowledge of the abyss of sorrow to which the female spirit is familiar, because he, being only a man, does not know what sorrow is. After enlarging on the disappointed hopes and sad realities of life, Mrs. Farnham exclaims:—“O there is no language of woman's soul that is large enough to contain this; still less, then, of man's, to whom every feature of it is denied, as experience.” And, speaking of woman's arrival at middle life, she remarks:—“It need not be said that she has suffered, whatever her lot may have been. To be a woman is to suffer, thus far in the human career.” Unhappily, that is but too true; but only true inasmuch as it is applicable to humanity at large. To suppose that all the suffering is engrossed by the woman is simply absurd. She has her peculiar forms of endurance, and may feel some things more acutely than the man; but, in the generality of cases, she is saved the wear and tear of actual contact with the world—that sorrowful, intimate, and personal experience of the selfishness and hardness of life which so often makes men old before their time. Mrs. Farnham has a clever way of producing her effects. In contrasting women with men (always to the disadvantage of the latter), it is easy to see that she selects the worst specimens of the male sex, and pits them against the best examples of her own sisterhood. With equal adroitness, she dilates here and suppresses there. Thus, she tells us—what is most true—that a man of frivolous life is often made earnest and worthy by the love of a pure woman; but she altogether forgets that quite as often a silly, thoughtless girl becomes enlarged in mind and strengthened in character by the affection of an honest and thoughtful man. To show us both sides of the picture, however, would not suit.

We are far from desiring to condemn Mrs. Farnham's book altogether. It has some interesting and some valuable features. Women, we frankly concede, have never been thoroughly understood by men, and these books on the feminine nature from feminine pens are helping us to a better knowledge. Mrs. Farnham is a woman of large reading and considerable powers of thought. Her knowledge of anatomy, physiology, and general science, would do credit to many men; and her style, though often disfigured by trans-Atlantic exaggerations and oddities, is sometimes instinct with the eloquence of real passion and feeling. Let us not hesitate, either, to acknowledge that it contains many truths to the discredit of our sex. The treatment of woman by man has frequently been nothing but the capricious cruelty of the strong oppressor; and even now, in the most civilized countries, much remains to be done before man can look his God-given partner in the face with a clear conscience. But when Mrs. Farnham, not content with demanding justice, sets up a claim for dominion, we respectfully suggest that she is going too fast. To dispute as to which of the sexes be the superior is sheer folly. Each is superior in some respects; each is the necessary complement of the other. The woman is greater in the moral and spiritual perceptions; the man in physical strength and intellectual power. Mrs. Farnham, however, while admitting the muscular superiority, denies the mental. She says that the intellectual life of women is only just commencing, and she refers us to the future for proofs of what the educated female mind can do. This, however, is mere speculation, and at present we have to deal with facts. Hitherto, the great movers of the world have been men. It is remarkable that even in poetry, which deals so much in feeling, where women generally are more sensitive and naturally acute than we of the rougher sex, the grandest laurels have all been gathered by male hands. Music is still more the language of feeling than poetry; yet where are the conspicuous female musicians? Women, as a rule, are more devotional in their instincts than men; yet what woman ever founded a religion? Ah, retorts Mrs. Farnham, but the men who have done all these things were *womanly* men. Well, but why have not the womanly women done them? Honestly, we do not see what answer there can be to this question, unless it lie in the fact that the greatest achievements of mind require a breadth and depth of intellect not commonly given to woman, whose lovely and enduring empire is in the affections of the heart.

#### GOETHE'S “FAUST.”\*

CARLYLE has very truly said, that the great man of an age is beyond comparison the greatest phenomenon therein; and never, perhaps, was there a more striking example of this than in the case of Goethe. Great events, great battles, great revolutions, often result from one great man, but they themselves influence mankind much less than that great man himself. If it be true, as it undoubtedly is, to some extent at least, that every man is his own fate, the events of a man's life must result from his character, and thus the life of man, as a whole—that is to say, the history of the world—must correspond to the character of men at different ages. He, therefore, who influences mankind by forming their character, must have a great hand in shaping their destiny. In every country, the great events in its history, the character of the people, the language, ideas, and manners even, will be found, more or less, to result from the writings of great men. But this is especially the case in recent times, and in a reading country like Germany; so that Goethe has had a greater and more visible share

FAUSTUS: THE SECOND PART. From the German of Goethe, by John Anster, LL.D., M.R.I.A., Regius Professor of Civil Law in the University of Dublin. London: Longman & Co.



of influence on his countrymen than any other great man or great poet—even Shakespeare not excepted. Shakespeare, owing to the ignorance then prevailing, necessarily had but a comparatively small public at the time when he wrote, and even now it may be questioned if he is widely read. Not so with Goethe. The whole body of his countrymen have a familiar acquaintance with his works. Strange to say, Shakespeare is more read in Germany than in England. It may be said of these two great poets of Europe, that the Englishman has influenced the world the most, and that the German has influenced Germans the most. To know the character of the world, accordingly, nothing better can be read than Shakespeare; and to know the character of Germans, nothing better than Goethe. The comparison of these wonderful men is peculiarly interesting—more particularly, perhaps, just now, when Shakespeare has again become the theme of every tongue. Towering like intellectual giants above the rest of men—at least, above all men of modern times—and characterized alike by insight into human nature, they themselves, their works, and their lives, are rich in contrast. Shakespeare was a genius in spite of himself—a genius whom we might never have heard of, had not chance or necessity occasioned him to write; who, perhaps, never thought of any higher aim than pleasing the public at the theatre for which he wrote. Goethe was a man who would have written for writing's sake, and to perfect himself. Shakespeare had scarcely any of the advantages of birth, and his education was, to say the least, irregular and unsystematic. Goethe was born in a position where he had all the benefits of wealth with none of the drawbacks arising from a superabundance of it. His father was in such a position that he was surrounded with objects of a nature to cultivate the mind from his earliest childhood. He could give his son a regular university education, and allow him to devote his whole time to study. In later years, Goethe occupied eminent and brilliant positions which it has seldom been the lot of poets to hold, and which many doubt if they can hold efficiently. He enjoyed the friendship of a Sovereign, held a high position in the State, and took no insignificant part in its administration. In short, he had the advantage of seeing that great world of princes, nobles, and politicians with which Shakespeare had certainly a far less intimate acquaintance, yet knew as if intuitively.

Few poets have been so fortunate, or reaped the rewards of their merit so quickly or so fully, as Goethe. Invited at an early age to the Court of Weimar by the heir-apparent, he soon rose to be Privy Councillor and Minister, and discharged his duties as such with great credit. His genius, however, was in no danger of being stunted or neglected from the cares of state. A brilliant circle of illustrious men, amongst whom was Schiller and other such leading men in literature, art, science, and music, was soon assembled at the little Court of Weimar, the like of which was not then, and perhaps never has been, seen at any European Court; and it was with such "surroundings" that Goethe was able to enrich his own mind, and give the results of its workings to the world. The effects of such an education and such a life are very visible in the works of the man. They have every characteristic of genius, with that finish and polish in which the works of extraordinary men are often deficient. Indeed, he almost exceeds Shakespeare in this respect, as much as Shakespeare exceeds him in vastness of genius.

Of all the celebrated works Goethe wrote, perhaps the most remarkable, and the one with which he is certainly most identified in everybody's mind, is "Faust." Some consider that Faust is Goethe himself; but this is only true in so far as Goethe was a man, for this drama is a psychological one, whose hero is not an individual, but man in general. We may assume the story of the first part to be known, and it will be remembered that Mephistopheles promised in that to show Faust not only human life, but high life—the great world. This engagement he now is supposed to fulfil. The second part opens with a Swiss landscape. Faust is lying on a flowery grass-plot, weary, striving to sleep. The time is evening, twilight; and Ariel and a group of fairies are hovering round him, who sing to him while he sleeps, preparing him for a future of hope. The whole work has been rendered by Dr. Anster with such fidelity and ability that the translation approaches the original to a surprising extent. But we may more especially point to the grand lines which Ariel, in the same scene, is supposed to utter at sunrise, as being a remarkably favourable specimen of the new rendering:—

"ARIEL.

"Hearken! hark! the storm of sunrise—  
Sounding but to spirits' ears—  
As the Hours fling wide the portals  
Of the East, and day appears.  
How the rock-gates, as the chariot  
Of the sun bursts through, rebound!  
Roll of drum, and wrath of trumpet,  
Crashing, clashing, flashing round;  
Unimaginable splendour—  
Unimaginable sound!  
Light is come; and in the tun ul;  
Sight is deadened—Hearing drowned."

The second part of "Faust," it is well known, is one of the most difficult works to understand in general and in particular, and is full of passages to which Germans themselves give various significations. A great light has been thrown on these parts by the celebrated commentary of Düntzer, which, by-the-by, is considerably larger than "Faust" itself. Dr. Anster, in his translation, has

evidently availed himself of this and every other help, and has succeeded most wonderfully in giving an English version of a work which, owing to the peculiarity of the language used, the fact of its being written in verse, and the abstruse and ambiguous passages with which it abounds, is one of the most difficult to translate. It has been the misfortune of German prose and poetic writers to have seen their books very imperfectly and often miserably translated in England; while the most astoundingly correct and beautiful translations of our English poets and prose writers are to be found in Germany. This the Germans have attributed to the comparative poverty of our language; but we are inclined to ascribe it to want of skill and attention on the part of English translators. The way in which Dr. Anster has accomplished the difficult task he has undertaken tends to corroborate our view.

#### EARLY ENGLISH HISTORY.\*

MR. COOTE has supplied us with an example of the danger of making positive assertions without having been at the pains to verify their correctness. His work is interesting, useful, and written with great care; but, being based on the assumption that what he undertakes to prove had never been proved before, is liable to the objection of being, in great part, a mare's-nest. It was no doubt customary with our older historians to maintain that, when the Anglo-Saxons conquered a large portion of this island, they exterminated the Romanized Britons, or drove them into Wales and Cornwall; but between two and three years ago Mr. James Augustus St. John, in his "History of the Four Conquests of England," pointed out the erroneousness of this theory, and showed that the mass of the population throughout the island always continued to be British. This fact in English history has therefore not been neglected, as Mr. Coote supposes. He is right, we think, in tracing Anglo-Saxon civilization to a source lying outside of the German races; but it may be doubted whether it was so entirely Roman as he takes for granted. The inhabitants of this island had made considerable advances in polish and refinement before the advent of the Romans, and probably, in the first instance, owed their civilization to those persevering rivals of Rome, the Carthaginians, who, as well as their parents, the Phœnicians, traded from very remote times with Britain, and it can hardly be doubted made large settlements here. When the Emperors, however, reduced Britain to the condition of a province, its civilization became altogether Roman, which, in spite of the German conquest, it always continued to be. Emigrants and colonists from Italy, immediately after the Roman conquest, settled here in great numbers, and converted the southern portion of the island into a province of the Empire, in character as well as in name. During four hundred years, Roman citizens poured into the country, while barbarian soldiers, who formed a supplement to the Legions, obtained lands in nearly every part of the country, and thus constituted a considerable portion of the population. Afterwards, when the Imperial Government abandoned the province, it has generally been supposed that the Roman settlers likewise took their departure, which Mr. Coote believes to be an error. We are entirely of his opinion, and were so long before we read his book. In the "History of the Four Conquests," to which we have already referred, we find the following passage:—

"When the feeble successors of Augustus relinquished the sovereignty of Britain, historians commonly assume the return of all the Roman colonists to Italy. It seems probable, however, that an immense majority remained, and with the Romanized Britons formed a distinct class of the population, down at least to the eighth century, speaking Latin, and preserving in other respects the habits, customs, and institutions of their ancestors."

As these settlers were Christians, as well as a majority of the Britons, they no doubt preserved their religion together with their language, and insensibly influenced the ideas and opinions of the German invaders. We need not have recourse to the legend of St. Sixtus, worshipped, as Mr. Coote observes, in Kent, in order to prove the fact that the Christian religion maintained its ground in Britain up to the coming of Augustine; for Ethelbert had under his sway, if not in his own kingdom, several bishops who were obviously Romans or Britons. His wife also was a Christian; he had a bishop in his palace, and there was a church at Canterbury in which the queen and her friends worshipped. In nearly all parts of England, the Britons were unquestionably numerous; in some places subject to the German invaders, in others powerful and independent. In several wars we find them allied with the Saxon kings, or engaged in devastating expeditions on their own account. In Northumbria, the Britons long continued to adhere to Druidism, and were so numerous and influential that the Angles found it necessary to adopt the religion of the natives, or at least to amalgamate it with their own superstitions.

All these facts had been thoroughly established before Mr. Coote wrote his book, and he would have done better service to the cause of literature had he known such to be the case, and applied himself to the illustration of truths which, though known, might have needed further elucidation. Regarded as a supplement to the statements which had already been put forward in a historical form, his volume is valuable, though we can by no means adopt his view of the Leogrian settlers, who, at whatever period they came

\* A Neglected Fact in English History. By Henry Charles Coote. London: Bell & Daldy.



over from the Continent, were, in all likelihood, of Celtic origin. To the derivation of the word Kymri, which Mr. Coote borrows from Zeuss, we altogether object, as strained and far-fetched. It took its rise in a period too remote to be subjected with anything like confidence to German criticism, and was used to designate a mighty branch of the Celtic race, known and dreaded both in Asia and Europe, long before the Teutons had emerged into historic light.

Works like the one before us must be studied in conjunction with others, not only in order to be interesting, but in order to be understood. History begins at the beginning, and clears the way before it, as it goes; but treatises on ethnological or antiquarian criticism strike into a subject abruptly, and often come to a close before the reader is quite able to see his way. Mr. Coote's volume is one of those occasional pieces which should have been furnished with a more fitting title, since the facts to which he calls attention, though not neglected, need in many cases to be restated, with such further illustration and development as Mr. Coote is well qualified to give them. His way of expressing himself, when he keeps clear of hazardous conjectures, is vigorous and perspicuous, his knowledge extensive and varied, and his style, upon the whole, extremely pleasing. In those parts in which it is wanting in this characteristic, the defect is traceable to the obvious desire to appear more important and striking than is warranted by the matter under consideration. We wish the book a larger public than it is likely to find, since investigations into such topics are unfortunately not fashionable at the present day. We make no extracts, because a few detached passages would convey no idea of the merits of the work, which must be read as a whole in order to be properly appreciated. To students of early English history it will be acceptable, and no others will be likely to attempt its perusal. The history of our own country, whatever some may imagine, is not a favourite study among us, more especially those portions which teach us who we are and whence we came. Antiquarianism is more popular, because more reconcileable with an indolent frame of mind.

#### FREDERICK RIVERS.\*

STORIES written "with a purpose" are generally open to the serious objection that the purpose overrides the truth to life and nature which is the principal value of fiction, and that, after all, the object sought is very imperfectly attained. If we want to throw opprobrium or contempt on anything, it is easy to invent a set of incidents and characters that shall present the obnoxious principles in the most repulsive light. There is nothing to prevent our painting the shadows as heavily and blackly as we please; giving all the vices and follies to the miscreants who happen to think differently from ourselves, and making our own party, whatever that may be, the victor, not only in the arguments that are incidentally held, but in the many trials and temptations of life. It is much the same with such stories as with those imaginary dialogues on political or religious subjects in which, with a great show of candour and frankness, the writer takes very good care only to set up such arguments against himself as he feels quite competent to knock down. Some years ago there was a rage for High Church novels, in which the authors undertook to show that none but believers in white surplices, intoned services, flowers, and candlesticks, ever came to good in this world, or had any hope in the next; while another class of novelists proposed to expound all the evils of our social system in the shape of agreeable fictions. Nevertheless, the prevailing belief still is, that the great design of the novelist, as of the poet, is to represent human nature as he finds it, apart from systems, creeds, and doctrines.

Mrs. Williamson, however, in the one-volume tale to which she has given the title of "Frederick Rivers," seeks to serve a specific purpose, and has contrived her plot and her characters to that end. Her object is to show the vulgarity, narrow-mindedness, intolerance, and petty tyranny that prevail in Dissenting circles when a minister of more enlarged and liberal views than the majority dares to act in accordance with his conscience. Unfortunately, we believe there is a great deal of truth in the picture; but, of course, Dissenters will say that Mrs. Williamson has made her own ogres for the satisfaction of slaying them. A case so prepared proves nothing, except to those whose minds are already made up; but the story may be interesting, notwithstanding, for its own sake, though pretty certain to suffer in breadth and freedom from the shackles of the preconceived purpose. Mrs. Williamson exhibits a good deal of ability in the development of her characters, and her book is clever and striking. Frederick Rivers, the hero, is a Dissenting minister who, while admiring the courageous protest of the old Puritans against tyranny in Church and State, heartily dislikes the gloomy and forbidding principles they have transmitted to the Nonconformists of the present day. He preaches in a gown, to the great disgust and horror of the old frequenters of his chapel in St. George's-road; he hates all kinds of professional cant; he sees no harm in the theatre; he is fond of secular literature; he reads and has a regard for the writings of the Rev. F. D. Maurice; he is almost rash in his contempt for conventionalities; and altogether he is a frank, open-hearted, genial, we might even say jolly, young fellow, with a world of energy and serious thought in him, nevertheless. Necessarily, he is persecuted by the narrow-

natured tradesmen and their wives who "sit under him;" and he has other trials as well. His sweet-souled, quiet, helpful wife dies in the course of the story, which ends in his second marriage to another equally-charming woman, Effie Holmes, who, her father having been ruined by the dishonesty of a clerk for whom he has made himself responsible, has been getting her living as a shopwoman, and thereby mortally offending her rich and selfish uncle. The story altogether is slight, though it includes an under-plot in which this uncle is duly brought to shame and unhappiness. Too much of mere talking, description, and discussion is the great fault of the book, which is also in some respects wanting in firmness and strength of handling; but it shows also a great deal of humour, observation, and good sense. The following glimpse at the inner life of a Dissenting college is curious and amusing:—

"When young men are brought together they will make themselves merry, even in a dissenting college, if there be any manly stuff about them. Many a joke was cracked in Fritz's 'study,' a tidy room, bookcased and furnished from the paternal pocket, somewhat beyond the regulation amount, always at a temperature of at least seventy degrees. When work was over, and the regulation-supper done, and the governor safe in the bosom of his family or the blankets of his bed, then Tomkins and Williamson would come in, each with his 'mild havannah,' and the frolic and jest began. At first, subdued bursts of gentle mirth; at last, shouts of furious laughter, and clappings, and cheers; till Mr. Sharpe threatened to ring the governor's bell, for he couldn't get on with his sermon (poor prig), and he was going somewhere on Sunday 'with a view;' and the spherical Mr. Johns, as broad as he was long, and as red as a boiled lobster, could make nothing whatever of his conic sections, and rolled into Fritz's room to join the sport. It was all Tomkins; with his inexhaustible store of anecdotes, his twinkling black eyes, his matchless power of imitation, his comic songs, his dying brigand, dying very hard indeed, his perfect good-nature and open-handed generosity, though he was about the poorest man in the house. Where is he now? He 'wags his paw' no longer in the pulpit. In a country post-office his 'merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance,' though it is not unwrinkled with care; which ploughs deeper furrows than time, and sooner turns black hair grey. Tomkins, unfortunately, had only one face, and was always obliged to carry his wicked, week-day eyes even into 'the sacred desk.' 'My friends, I've much pleasure in informing you that Mr. Grubb, from London, will next Tuesday, in the Corn Exchange, address his fellow-worms on the subject of temperance. The lecture will commence at seven o'clock.' Poor Tomkins! he hardly knew he was joking; but very few of his affectionate flock could remember at what hour Mr. Grubb's exhortation was to begin. On the other hand, it was with extreme swiftness resolved by the agitated deacons that there must be a special 'church-meeting.' With entire unanimity it was resolved that, in a most Christian spirit, the playful leopard be earnestly requested to change his spots. Alas! alas! the spots could no way be made to come out; so poor Tomkins had to go out himself instead, the victim of a pun."

#### A BATCH OF NEW NOVELS.\*

THE days of "standard novels" and "classic tales" are over, nevermore to return. He would be a powerful reader who could now keep pace with the productions of the English writers of fiction alone, omitting the French and German, and giving to his studies as much time as Touchstone offers to the making of doggerel rhymes for Rosalind—"dinner, and suppers, and sleeping hours only excepted." The professional critic, however, must notice all that comes to his net; and, accordingly, we here link three together in brief companionship.

The author of "Haunted Hearts" makes no sort of claim to originality in the actual groundwork of his plot, which turns upon a mysterious murder, perpetrated in the State of New Jersey in the year 1812, and the discovery of the perpetrators five years subsequently. But the plot is developed and the characters are unfolded admirably. To those who dislike Yankee vulgarisms—of which there has been rather a surfeit given to the public already—the early chapters of the story will not be agreeable; but let them read on, and they will find their patience rewarded, and, for once in a way, they may have the pleasure of discovering in the second volume that their guesses and suspicions throughout the first were delightfully wrong.

"Dorothy Dovedale's Trials" is a title strongly suggestive of silliness, and the suspicious reader will not be disappointed. The story is an attempt at dressing up a few old stock effects in new stage properties, in the hope of producing a new sensation. There is a milk-and-water hero, who, without meaning any wrong, falls in love with two young ladies, breaks the heart of one, and forsakes the other in remorse on the morning appointed for his marriage with her. There are a stern puritanical father, and a mild, religious mother. There are two children exchanged at nurse, just like the two in "What will He do with It?" and in a score of other novels, only that in "Dorothy Dovedale" the wet nurse who exchanges her infant for a colonel's lady's child, is the wife of a bank manager! That, we must admit, is a novelty in these railway and banking days, when bank managers' wives think themselves somebodies. Then we are made familiar with a felon on ticket-of-

\* *Haunted Hearts*. By the Author of "The Lamplighter." Two vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

*Dorothy Dovedale's Trials*. By Thomas Miller, Author of "Royston Gower," "Gideon Giles," "Fair Rosamond," "Lady Jane Grey," "Godfrey Malvern," &c., &c. Two vols. London: Groombridge & Son.

*A Fatal Error*: or, the Vyvianes. By J. Masterman. Two vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

\* *Frederick Rivers*; Independent Parson. By Mrs. Florence Williamson. London: Williams & Norgate.



leave. He was formerly the bank manager; but his forgeries and other rogueries brought him to penal servitude, and he is now a popular Methodist preacher in the very town in which he had managed the bank, and where he is known by the same name; indeed, his congregation are exceedingly proud of him, because he had been such a dreadful sinner. We are introduced to scenes in Dissenting domestic life, which, not being able to pronounce a positive opinion upon them, for want of experience, we can only describe as extremely improbable. The ticket-of-leave preacher robs his intended father-in-law, and replaces the stolen bank-notes with forged ones, which the Bank of England (hear it and blush, O injured shade of Mr. Freshfield!) merely returns with a lecture, and takes no further notice after receiving some £1,000 or £2,000 of good money instead. As to a policeman, a detective, or any machinery of the law being set in motion, no one thinks of it. At length, a dirty little boy finds it all out. An accomplice of the thief confesses, but is not taken into custody. And, finally, the old worn-out *dénouement*—stagiast of the stagey—takes place. The forger poisons himself to avoid the gallows, which the author seems to think is still the punishment for forgery; the heroine dies, and her ghost—not one of Mr. Pepper's ghosts, but a real ghost—appears to her lover at noon-day. The young and lovely bride loses her husband and her fortune together, without any fault of her own; and the curtain comes down amidst blue-and-red fire! The style of the writer who could concoct such a *rechauffée* deserves an illustration. From a chapter descriptive of the preacher we cull a blossom or two:—

"He would have licked the Devil himself at getting up an imaginary roar and a blaze without either fire or brimstone, for Didymus was quite at home in hell, and turned over great wealthy sinners on his gridiron as nimbly as a City cook turns over chops, and so frightened them out of their money."

"Didymus was a canting thief, a praying thief, a preaching thief, and could he by any means have mounted into heaven, would have stolen every crown of glory he could have got hold of, though he had been hurled out again headlong with the plunder in his hand."

The author of "A Fatal Error, or the Vyvianes," has committed a fatal error in rushing into print. The plot is an insult to common sense. A young lady, the daughter of an Indian officer of good family and unblemished reputation, who has been a widow since the heroine's childhood, finds a murdered body, and near it a knife, which she recognises as her father's. The murdered gentleman was her father's dearest friend, and was on the following day to have become his brother-in-law; for Major Vyvianne was to wed Miss Lance, sister of the murdered Captain Lance, and Miss Vyvianne, the heroine herself, was engaged to his younger brother, Lieutenant Lance, R.N. Captain Lance copied Major Vyvianne in everything, even to dressing in exactly the same style. There was ample ground for suspecting that Lance might have been (as he was) murdered in mistake for Vyvianne, but not a particle of reason for suspecting Vyvianne of the murder; yet his daughter—his only child—suspects him, hides the knife, and comes to the high moral conclusion that she, the daughter of a murderer, can never marry her lover. The slightest inquiry would have cleared her father, whom no one in the world suspected except herself; but she carefully avoids making any. In due time her father marries Miss Lance, but Lieutenant (now Commander or Captain) Lance is reported lost, with all hands, in his first ship, and the heroine reproaches herself and mourns. But the gallant tar, of course, turns up again all hearty, and the wayward or lunatic young lady marries him. And now for a dilemma like Mr. Puff's. The heroine refuses to live with the man she has just yoked to her chariot of foolery. She is struck with brain fever, and in her ravings lets out her secret to her husband. On recovering, she separates from the man she has so cruelly treated, and he sets forth on his travels to find the real murderer of his brother. Having searched the globe, he comes back and goes fishing in Norway; and there, in a pile of old English newspapers, he finds in the fashionable intelligence, in three different papers, the name of the very man who had committed the murder, and who was named as the probable perpetrator on the day of the funeral by Miss Lance, whose jilted lover he had been. There he was, publicly announced as staying in the near neighbourhood of the scene at the time of the murder. And, although he only escaped through the erroneous supposition that he had gone to America ten days previously, no one ever thought of looking in the newspapers until twenty years afterwards. The wicked man, of course, comes back to confess and to die of rheumatism, *delirium tremens*, and bad conscience; and "on her fortieth birthday" (the author is particular as to dates) the heroine finds out her "fatal error," and, after having broken the hearts and disappointed the hopes in life of half a score of worthy people, she condescendingly rewards her long-suffering husband, the last of his family, by bringing to him a worn and wasted frame and grey hair. If the author were a careful reader of no graver or more weighty literature than the daily or weekly newspapers, he would not have filled out his monstrous plot with such exhibitions of want of knowledge of common things as the grave assurance to his readers that, about the year 1814 or 1815, Parliament having sat for eight years (!) was threatened with a dissolution in the ninth! A gentleman who never heard of the Septennial Act cannot be expected to know much about the Reform Act; and so we have a rotten borough with 400 voters polled out in one day before four o'clock, p.m. A writer might freely vacate an imaginary borough at any time for the purposes of his story; but, when he chooses a general election, he owes it to young and inexperienced readers to

attend strictly to historic facts and dates. In scores of old almanacks he might have found that there was no general election from 1812 to 1818, and that only three Parliaments during the last century lived out the full term of seven years. With a notice of one or two other absurdities we shall dismiss this mass of "fatal errors." The author will do well to consult some old post-captain or admiral upon the usages of the royal navy before he again appoints a young lieutenant to the command of an eighty-four, a line of battle-ship, as his first ship! And if he inquire about Dr. Pusey's age and the date of Tract 90, he will find that Puseyites were not objects of animosity in the year 1821.

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*Sketches from Life and Jottings from Books.* By W. H. C. Nation (T. C. Newby).—Though not stated to be such, the sketches contained in this volume have the character of articles reprinted from some weekly periodical of light literature. The author treats of a variety of subjects connected with the manners and habits of modern life, or with well-known localities, such as "Waiting for the Train," "Bathing à la Mode," the London Arcades, the Victoria Park, &c., and occasionally discourses in a humorous spirit on some book old or new. One of the best papers in the volume is that entitled "An Artful Dodger," giving an account of a clever swindler who made a stir in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Mr. Nation has a certain smartness of manner which may pass with some for wit; but his humour is poor and feeble, his style vicious, and his efforts at the sentimental what such efforts commonly are in the hands of writers who aim chiefly at "fun."

*Sympathy; or, Words for the Weak and Weary.* By the Rev. David A. Doudney (Macintosh).—This is a second edition of a collection of religious discourses, which, we conclude from the fact of their being again put forward, must have already attained considerable popularity. Without for a moment doubting the earnest and praiseworthy design of the reverend author in penning his meditations and exhortations, we cannot forbear from expressing surprise that in these days of very general cultivation such a heap of platitudes and commonplace—the mere stock-in-trade of tenth-rate Dissenting ministers—should find a large public and a steady demand.

*A Commentary, Practical and Exegetical, on the Lord's Prayer.* By the Rev. W. Denton, M.A. (Rivingtons).—A work consisting of 218 closely-printed pages can hardly be called a "short commentary" on a prayer which does not contain as many words. Yet such is the expression in which Mr. Denton describes his book. "The commentary," he says, "is almost wholly composed from the copious materials to be found in the writings of the commentators and homily-writers of past times." The result is a wonderful concentration of the learning and piety of most Christian ages and countries, and a remarkable exhibition of the scholarship and catholicity of mind of Mr. Denton. But we doubt if such works serve any broad and general use. Those who earnestly and sincerely repeat the first of prayers do not stand in need of any laboured commentary; and those who are regardless of the observance will hardly be converted by any exhibition of authorities. Still, the volume is interesting to the scholar and the Churchman. While speaking of this work, we may mention three other religious books, of a somewhat similar character, lying on our table:—*The Book of Prayer for the House of Prayer* (Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt); *The First Steps of a close Walk with God*, translated from the original of Charles Henry Bogatzky (Same Publishers); and *Hymns, Old and New, for Church and Home, and for Travel by Land or Sea*, consisting of 224 selected, and 259 original hymns, by Thomas Davis, M.A. (Longmans).

*The Wooden Walls of Old England; or, the Lives of Celebrated Admirals.* By Margaret Fraser Tytler. (Hatchard & Co.)—In a pleasant and readable form, adapted for boys, the authoress relates the story of the lives of Lord Rodney, Earl Howe, Earl St. Vincent, Lord de Saumarez, Lord Nelson, Lord Collingwood, Sir Sidney Smith, and Lord Exmouth. Here is a spirit-stirring book for English lads; but the list of names is certainly incomplete. It would have been better to begin with Blake; and we miss also some of the more modern heroes. But perhaps we may look for a second series.

We have received *Notes and Letters on the American War*, by an English Lady (Ridgway), written from the Northern side;—*A Report of the Working Men's Club and Institute Union Conference* (Bell & Daldy);—*Church Rates: a Popular Statement of Plain Facts for Parochial Circulation*, compiled by George F. Chambers, F.R.A.S., of the Inner Temple (Macintosh), the object of which is to support the rates by argument and authority;—*The Comic Guide to the Royal Academy, for 1864*, by the Gemini (Nichols), which we find very poor fun indeed;—and the *Official Catalogue of the (Dublin) Exhibition of Manufactures, Machinery, and Fine Arts, 1864* (published by authority of the Exhibition Committee).

In our impression of May 21st, we mentioned among our Short Notices a little book entitled *Crinoline in its Bissexile Phases*, and remarked that it presented in some parts "obscure suggestions of indecent allusion." The author now writes to us protesting against the imputation. We are always disposed to accept such protests as final, when uttered, as this is, with apparent sincerity; but it is certainly to be regretted in the present instance that, in writing on a very delicate and difficult subject, the author should so frequently have employed an ambiguous style of shadowy innendo, and thus have run the risk of misinterpretation.

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE rage for collecting old Cookery Books is very considerable just now. A former secretary of the Royal Zoological Society made a large library of such works; and the late Mr. Buckle purchased



them from bookstalls and booksellers' catalogues whenever he met with any which he did not possess. Cookery, it has been said, is very closely connected with civilization. In England, as in France, the lesser cooks and housewives have, for two hundred years past, elected unto themselves a cook-monarch, generally a king, but occasionally a woman. Our stomachs are ruled by these potentates for the time being. The housekeeper swears by Mrs. Glasse in one generation, and by Mrs. Rundall in another. Dr. Kitchener, Careme of Paris notoriety, Young, and, in later times, Miss Acton, Soyer, and the admirable Francatelli, have all exercised no small influence over the affairs of this kingdom. Very recently, a new cookery book appeared under the strange Welsh title, "*Cre Fydd's Family Fare*," understood to have been written by Mrs. Griffin; and now we have "*The English and Australian Cookery Book*," by an "*Australian Aristologist*," announced. We are assured that the small work has been carefully compiled, and will contain, *multum in parvo*, the modern cookery of the mother country and the colonies, from the sensible "*Roast Beef of Old England*" to the Australian Kangaroo, in its various modes of being dressed; also the Hebrew preparation of different dishes. The book is interspersed with appropriate quotations and racy extracts (so as to lessen its monotony in reference), and embraces remarks on wines—English, foreign, and Australian—as well as spirits and cordials. The volume will also give an extensive list of fashionable drinks, British, American, and Colonial.

In 1863, the twenty-three Paris theatres paid, in *tantièmes* to their authors and composers, about a million and a half. It is said that there is a project for building a theatre in Paris, at which shall be performed foreign plays: German, Italian, and Spanish, but chiefly English. As a hotel is to be attached to this edifice, it will be half theatre, half hostelry, a sort of histrionic club-house. At various times, but chiefly during the reign of Charles X., English theatricals have been popular in Paris.

"*The Times*," says the *Daily Review*, "has incurred the displeasure of Roman Catholics by declining to insert the letters 'R.I.P.' after names in the obituary. The ground of the refusal is that those letters bear a sectarian aspect."

M. Munk, a member of the Jewish persuasion, is said to be the person chosen by the French Minister of Public Instruction to take the place of M. Rénan as professor of Hebrew, Syriac, and Chaldaic at the College de France. The nomination of an Israelite is perhaps to show that the objections to M. Rénan were not solely on account of his private opinions.

"On Monday last," says the *Times*, "there died a lady whose life had been so prolonged, and whose career had been so much associated with long bygone events, that, though cheerful and active, in the full enjoyment of all her faculties, and with a keen interest in passing events, her existence seemed almost an anachronism. Anne Grenville, only daughter of the first Lord Camelford, and sister and co-heir of that half-mad son of whom we read in the memoirs of Lady Hester Stanhope, and who found an appropriate death from the pistol of Captain Best—born in London in 1772, and married twenty years later to Lord Grenville, died also in London, ninety-two years afterwards, last Monday. We noticed last year her fortuitous meeting with Lord Lyndhurst, in St. George's, Hanover-square, upon the occasion of the marriage of Miss Copley. Her last appearance in public was at the Botanic Society's Exhibition, on Saturday last, when she seemed to be in her accustomed health and spirits. She was taken ill the same night, and only survived till Monday. Her large estates are left, in accordance with the wish of her husband, Lord Grenville, who died not less than thirty years ago, to the Hon. George Fortescue, brother of the late and uncle of the present Earl."

The little work on "*The Laws and Principles of Whist*," by Cavendish, which is now referred to as an authority in St. James's and May Fair, has recently been reprinted in America. Messrs. Appleton & Co., of New York, are now selling the fifth edition.

The taste for English works of fiction appears to be on the increase among French readers. One house in Brussels alone announces as in the press,—"The Doctor's Wife," by Miss Braddon; "New Christmas Stories," by Charles Dickens; Kingsley's "*Alton Locke*" and "*Westward Ho*;" Mr. Charles Lever's "*O'Donoghue*;" "*The Interpreter*," by Mr. Whyte Melville; "*The Quadroon*," by Captain Mayne Reid; "*Good for Nothing*," by G. A. Sala; "*The Adventures of Philip*," "*The Newcomes*," and "*The Virginians*," by Mr. Thackeray; and "*Hard Cash*," by Mr. Charles Reade. The latter is entitled by the translator "*Fatal Argent!*" which is, indeed, not the only instance in which it is difficult to recognise a well-known English book in the new name under which, we presume, the experience of our neighbours tells them that it will be more attractive to their readers.

The new report of the British Museum gives some interesting particulars in connection with the reading-room and the collections of printed books and manuscripts. Readers average 372 a-day, each using, on an average, 11 volumes. The additions to the library are 36,300, of which 28,220 were purchased, 6,500 acquired by copyright. The number of parts of volumes obtained is 39,700, including 652 by international copyright treaties, 28,200 by purchase. 1,650 maps, charts, and plans, in more than 5,000 sheets, and 3,600 pieces of music, were acquired, besides nearly 1,000 works. Nearly 324,000 stamps have been placed on these articles. The total number of articles received was 107,800. 14,000 printed books have been bound, 1,700 repaired, and 1,300 maps mounted. In the manuscript department, the Index to the Catalogues of Additions for 1846 to 1847 has been printed, and will shortly be published. The Catalogue of Additional MSS. for 1855 is completed, and minor catalogues advanced. Groups of subjects have been collected, rearranged, numbered, and registered. 461 MSS. and 114 charters and rolls have been added to the general collection. Among these are a Cartulary of the Abbey of Peterborough, date 1396-1438;

the Bunburch, or Acts of the Swabian League, 1480-1495; a volume of State papers, 1527 to the end of Henry VIII.'s reign, including many from the King and Cromwell to Gardiner, while ambassador to France; an autograph letter of Ariosto to Zardino, 1522; a large collection of MSS. belonging to Oliver St. John—among them a copy of his speech in defence of Hampden, 1637; and three Coptic Papyri, relating to the monastery of St. Phœbammon, Hermonthis. Bookbinding and preparing for the zoological, geological, mineralogical, and botanical departments cost during the year £10,500, of which £7,000 was for binding printed books, and £1,000 for MSS. The printing cost £2,200.

A literary discovery is announced in France. A bookseller, rummaging the top shelves of his dusty little shop in Caen, is said to have found a manuscript which, in all likelihood, must have been deposited there by his predecessor. It consists of 200 pages, and is entitled, "*Manuel d'Education pour les Directrices des Classes de Saint Cyr*." Eighty-three pages are in the handwriting of Madame de Maintenon, and the remainder appears to have been dictated by her to Mlle. d'Aumale, who frequently acted as her secretary.

The *Cornhill Magazine* for July will contain a story of country life, by the author of "*Adam Bede*."

The Emperor of the French will not, on the whole, consider himself flattered in the stout little volume of nearly 400 pages which has just been published in Philadelphia, although the universal sway which it promises would be gratifying enough were it not for the assurance that a certain compact with the fiery monarch of the lower world had been the cause of this prospective greatness. The title of the volume runs thus:—"Louis Napoleon, the destined Monarch of the World, and Personal Antichrist," by the Rev. M. Baxter. The author has etymological notions of his own, and asks the reader in confidence whether a sensible person does not at once see that Napoleon and Apollyon are substantially the same words.

Of book announcements we have but few to record:—

Mr. G. F. André is engaged in translating "*The Popular History of Poland*," by Leonard Chodzko, a work of considerable celebrity on the Continent. The volume will be published with a coloured map, and with its information brought down to the present day.

A novel in three volumes, entitled, "*Weighed in the Balance*," from the pen of Mr. James Augustus St. John, will appear in the course of a few days.

Messrs. Sampson Low & Son will publish, in September, a novel, in three volumes, by Mr. Hain Friswell, entitled, "*A Splendid Fortune*."

Messrs. Rivingtons have in the press "*Directorium Pastorale; the Theory and the Practice of Pastoral Work in the Church of England*," by the Rev. John Henry Blunt, a work intended as a practical guide-book for the working clergy, showing them how to carry out the duties of the pastoral office in their various details, and forming a volume of about 450 pages, in crown 8vo.; a new volume of "*Sermons on Miscellaneous Subjects*," by the Rev. T. Ainger, late Perpetual Curate of Hampstead; "*Lectures on the Book of Common Prayer*," by the Rev. F. C. Massingberd, Rector of Ormsby, and Prebendary of Lincoln; and other works.

Mr. Bentley will publish immediately a new novel, entitled "*The Nun*," by the Author of "*Le Maudit*," of which a translation, under the title of "*Under the Ban*," has recently been published. "*The Nun*" forms a pendant to the author's previous work, and is similar in spirit.

Messrs. Jackson, Walford, & Hodder, will shortly publish a new work, entitled "*The Genius of the Gospel, a Commentary on Matthew*," by David Thomas.

Lord Houghton (as yet better known to the world as Mr. Monckton Milnes) is preparing, as already announced, a new and revised edition of his "*Life and Letters of Keats*," which will be published shortly by Messrs. Moxon & Co. We believe we are correct in saying that a large number of interesting letters of the poet, hitherto unpublished, are in possession of his sister, Mrs. Llandos, a lady settled in Spain; but whether the new edition will include these we are not informed.

A new periodical is announced—the *British Army and Navy Review* Among the contributors to this new venture are Captain Chesney Mr. James Grant, and "Onida." It will be published at one shilling

LORD NORTH AND HIS SON.—Once, when speaking in the House, he was interrupted by the barking of a dog which had crept in. He turned round and archly said, "Mr. Speaker, I am interrupted by a new member." The dog was driven out, but got in again, and recommenced barking, when Lord North, in his droll way, added, "*Spoke once*." On an occasion when Colonel Barry brought forward a motion on the British navy, Lord North said to a friend of his who was sitting next him in the House, "We shall have a tedious speech from Barry to-night. I dare say he'll give us our naval history from the beginning—not forgetting Sir Francis Drake and the Armada. All this is nothing to me, so let me sleep on, and wake me when we come near our own times." His friend at length roused him, when Lord North exclaimed, "Where are we?" "At the battle of La Hogue, my lord." "Oh, my dear friend!" he replied, "you have woken me a century too soon." . . . Mr. Burke, in the course of some very severe animadversions which he made on Lord North for want of due economy in his management of the public purse, introduced the well-known aphorism, "*Magnum vectigal est parsimonia*"—but was guilty of a false quantity by saying "*vectigal*." Lord North, while this philippic went on, had been half asleep, and sat heaving backwards and forwards like a great turtle; but the sound of a false quantity instantly aroused him, and, opening his eyes, he exclaimed in a very marked and distinct manner—"vectigal." "I thank the noble lord," said Burke, with happy adroitness, "for the correction, the more particularly as it affords me



the opportunity of repeating a maxim which he greatly needs to have reiterated upon him." He then thundered out, "Magnum vectigal est parsimonia." . . . Mr. Wilberforce, referring to Lord North's son, Frederick (afterwards Lord Guilford), said he was one of the sweetest tempered men he had ever known. Such indeed he was, and I will just add that one day he greatly amused me, when we were talking of Parliamentary speaking, by saying, "I once attempted to speak in Parliament, and it was not unnatural when I rose that my family name should at once fix every eye upon me. I brought out two or three sentences, when a mist seemed to rise before my eyes; I then lost my recollection, and could see nothing but the Speaker's wig, which swelled, and swelled, and swelled, till it covered the whole House. I then sank back on my seat, and never attempted another speech, but quickly accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, assured that Parliament was not my vocation."—*Harford's "Wilberforce."*

ENGLISH ROADS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.—So bad were some of the roads, that it was not at all uncommon, when a family intended to travel, for servants to be sent on beforehand to investigate the country and report upon the most promising track. Fuller tells us that during his time he frequently saw as many as six oxen employed in dragging slowly a single person to church. Waylen says that 800 horses were taken prisoners at one time during the civil wars by Cromwell's forces, "while sticking in the mud." Many improvements were made in modes of conveyance during the century. A kind of stage-coach was first used in London about 1608; towards the middle of the century they were gradually adopted in the metropolis, and on the better highways around London. In no case, however, did they attempt to travel at a greater speed than three miles an hour. Before the century closed, stage-coaches were placed on three principal roads in the kingdom, namely, those between London and York, Chester, and Exeter. This was only for the summer season; "during winter," in the words of Mr. Smiles, "they did not run at all, but were laid up for the season, like ships during Arctic frosts." Sometimes the roads were so bad, even in summer, that it was all the horses could do to drag the coach along, the passengers, *per force*, having to walk for miles together. With the York coach especially the difficulties were really formidable. Not only were the roads bad, but the low midland counties were particularly liable to floods, when, during their prevalence, it was nothing unusual for passengers to remain at some town *en route* for days together, until the roads were dry.—*Her Majesty's Mails.*

#### LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Alford's (Dean) Greek Testament. Vol. IV. Part I. 3rd edit. 8vo., 18s.  
Vol. IV. complete. 3rd edit. 8vo., 32s.  
Art and Mystery of Curing, Preserving, and Potting Meat, &c. Cr. 8vo., 4s. 6d.  
Barber (G.), British and London Pharmacopœias Compared. 2nd edit. 16mo., 2s. 6d.  
Bedford (Paul), Recollections and Wanderings. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
Bowen (F.), Treatise on Logic. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
Boy's Own Volume of Fact and Fiction. Volume for Midsummer, 1864. 8vo., 5s.  
Breakers Ahead. By R. Vyvyan. 2 vols. Post 8vo., 21s.  
Coke (C. A.), Population Gazetteer of England and Wales. Sm. 4to., 2s. 6d.  
Couch (J.), History of British Fishes. Vol. III. Royal 8vo., 17s.  
Crimoline in our Parks and Promenades. Oblong folio, 1s.  
Davis (T.), Hymns, Old and New. 18mo., 1s. 6d.  
Denton (Rev. W.), Commentary on the Lord's Prayer. Fcap., 5s.  
Diaries of a Lady of Quality. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
Draper (H. N.), Manual of Medicinal Preparations of Iron. Cr. 8vo., 2s. 6d.  
Espin (Rev. T. E.), Critical Essays. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
Evrard (B.), On the Intervention of Art in Photography. Fcap., 1s. 6d.  
Farnham (W.), Woman and her Era. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 14s.  
Flying Dutchman (The). By J. Neale. New edit. Fcap., 2s.  
Froude (J. A.), History of England. Vols. III. and IV. New edit. 8vo., 23s.  
Gerstaecker (F.), Western Lands and Western Waters. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
Grosart (Rev. A. B.), The Lambs all Safe. 18mo., 1s.  
Henry Dunbar. 4th edit. 3 vols. Post 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.  
Hibberd (S.), The Rose Book. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
Hodder (E.), The Junior Clerk. 2nd edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
Homer's Iliad. Translated into blank verse by F. S. Norgate. Cr. 8vo., 15s.  
Homilist (The). 3rd Series. Vol. III. Cr. 8vo., 5s. 6d.  
Jago (J.), Entoptics. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
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Karr (W. Seton), Selection from the Calcutta Gazettes of 1784-8. Royal 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
Lee (Holme), In the Silver Age. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 12s.  
Longmuir (Rev. J.), Ocean Lays. New edit. 16mo., 2s. 6d.  
Lumley (B.), Reminiscences of the Opera. 8vo., 16s.  
Lupton (H.), Wakefield Worthies. Cr. 8vo., 5s.  
Lyle (Rev. H.), The Spirit of the Psalms. 3rd edit. 18mo., 1s. 6d.  
Man (The) in Chains. By C. J. Collins. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.  
Marion. By Manhattan. 2nd edit. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.  
Marshall (Judge), Exposure of Colenso. 1 vol. Cr. 8vo., 4s.  
Maude (F. P.), and Pollock (E. C.), Law of Merchant Shipping. 3rd edit. Royal 8vo., 34s.  
Mills (T.), Sure of Heaven. New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
Monthly Packet (The). Vol. XXVII. 5s.  
Mortara (A.), Catalogi dei Manoscritti Italiani Nello B. Bodleiana a Oxford. 4to., 10s. 6d.  
Novum Testamentum Græce. Edidit E. H. Hansell. 3 vols. 8vo., £2. 12s. 6d.  
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